

The ROTARIAN



DECEMBER • *Hendrik W. van Loon • Clyde Miller* **• 1939**
And debate: WHITHER VOCATIONAL SERVICE?

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NEW

Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editorial mailbag

YOUR Magazine invites you to a New Year's Party. . . . Come January, 1940, and THE ROTARIAN marks the beginning of its 30th year by adopting a new format. You will hardly recognize Your Magazine. Its cover has been redesigned. Its typography throughout has been streamlined. The body type used was designed for easy reading. . . .

Though it is in new dress, you will feel at home as you read the January issue. Several of your favorite authors have contributed to it. **George E. Vincent**, for example, who leads with an article on *The Larger Selfishness*. **James Truslow Adams**, himself a historian, will tell *Why Historians Have Headaches*. **Channing Pollock**, **William Moulton Marston**, **George F. Smith**, of Australian prison-reform fame, are others who will be at the Party. . . .

Most of the departments will be present, but in different garb. You may thumb a number of pages to discover those you like best. But they'll be there—along with several newcomers. . . .

THE ROTARIAN's new dress was tailored to the pattern of what you want Your Magazine to be—as revealed in your letters and personal comments. We hope you like it. Watch for—

Your January Rotarian

'Contributes to Understanding'

Both cityman and farmer should be thankful for such an article as Farnsworth Crowder's *They're Called Future Farmers* [November ROTARIAN], for it contributes to understanding between them. Where once suspicion and misunderstanding existed, today the farmer knows that the businessman has worries and problems of his own and the businessman knows that the farmer is operating a highly complex business which is dependent upon a number of factors for success.

There is much to be gained through actual human contacts. Businessmen have a fine opportunity to rub elbows with Future Farmers and 4-H Club boys and girls, their parents, county agents, and group leaders. They, on the other hand, have a fine opportunity to learn that businessmen are just ordinary human beings capable of enjoying life and willing to be friendly. When one considers the high degree of hysteria which is today influencing the minds of so many of the people of the world, we cannot help thinking that it is most desirable for us to get along with each other in our homeland.

A city is but the mouthpiece of the large rural area surrounding it. Occasionally a man in business in the city feels that he has no interest in agriculture because his dollars come to him from salaried workers in the city. Such a man should certainly be disillusioned. In the last analysis every dollar which comes into many towns and cities is an agricultural dollar. The doctor whose patient works for the street-railway company, or who is a painter, paperhanger, or millwright, may settle his bill with his weekly paycheck; however, the original dollars in that paycheck came off the land. As agriculture goes, so goes business.

H. J. GRAMLICH, *Rotarian*
Classification: *Livestock Breeders' Associations*
American Shorthorn Breeders' Association
Chicago, Illinois

Disagrees with Mrs. Keefe

In her *No!* in the October debate-of-the-month, *Should Wives Work?*, Mrs. Thos. J. Keefe makes a plea for "unprejudiced consideration," but denies herself this intelligent approach through inaccuracies stated as facts. For example, from whom did she receive the judgment that "the practice of wives working is largely responsible for disintegration of the home"? Earlene White, in her contribution to the debate, quotes statistical evidence refuting this. Homes have been kept from disintegration, it is safe to say, by wives who got jobs despite discrimination, and kept their men, children, and other dependents from institutional care. According to divorce-court records and social-agency reports, broken homes are more apt to result from lack of purposeful work, where wives are concerned. . . .

Commonsense tells us that some wives like domesticity; some prefer it to paid work outside the home, but have to work, nevertheless; some prefer work to economic dependence upon another. Why not relinquish beliefs adapted to a primitive social order and try to settle the matter logically? At least we could stop insisting that wives have only one desire—the home; one occupation—domestic routine; one function—child raising. The home is often destroyed—children leave it, regardless, if they are self-

reliant. The occupation? At present it's the lowest paid of any in the open labor market.

It is true that a general lack of economic security everywhere sent legislators hurrying to vote women out of jobs because they had married and were "provided" for. Fear does create biased thinking and warped judgments. But discrimination against the worker should be based upon the value, or lack of value, of his or her contribution—not upon the marriage certificate. The majority of women interested in legislative prohibitions now urged should help rather than hinder their own common betterment in a realistic world.

MRS. JULIA WATSON

Evanston, Illinois

Duck Stamps—for What?

In the October issue of THE ROTARIAN is a very interesting article on wild ducks and what has been done to increase the flocks, improve breeding grounds, etc. [*Big Business Comes to Bird-dom*, by H. Dyson Carter]. This article says nothing, however, about what has been done with the money that the United States Government receives from the sale of the \$1 stamps that each duck hunter has been compelled to buy. The Government has received hundreds of thousands of dollars from that source. What has been done with the money, where has it been spent, and what has been accomplished? This information would be helpful, and would give us duck hunters either joy or a pain in the neck.

L. V. ORTON, *Rotarian*
Classification: *General Law Practice*
Pawnee, Oklahoma

From the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of the Interior comes information in answer to Rotarian Orton's queries. The Duck Stamp Act itself specifies that 90 percent of the proceeds received from the sale of stamps shall go for the purchase, development, and maintenance of migratory bird refuges. This comprises expenditures for water development including construction of dams, dikes, and levees, food and cover plantings, headquarters buildings, fences, fire towers, patrol boats, nesting islands, engineering surveys, reconnaissance of possible purchase areas, research on duck-restoration problems, boundary surveys, feed for wild life, construction of fire lines, and numerous other essentials for wild-life conservation. The remaining 10 percent of the proceeds is used for printing and distributing duck stamps and for supplementary law-enforcement personnel.—THE EDITORS.

Magazine—and Men—at Work

I thought you would be interested in a little experience that happened yesterday. I was at the registrar's desk when the package of October ROTARIANS came in. I opened it and presented copies to two or three of the members of the faculty who were standing there. When the economic-geography instructor opened the magazine, it fell on the rotogravure insert, *Yo Ho for South America*, and the article about South America by Edward Tomlinson, *South America Has Everything!* He thumbed through the 14 pages of pictures and printed matter, then said, "I would like to have these for use in my classes today. I am studying South America, and this is just what I want." Another teacher standing by saw something of use to the public-

speaking department and said, "Don't use this, for I want to use it in my class the latter part of this week."

R. F. MYERS, *Rotarian*

Classification: Education, Secondary Schools
Council Bluffs, Iowa

The Council Bluffs public schools subscribe for 40 copies of THE ROTARIAN each month of the school year for student use.—THE EDITORS.

'Advisor' or 'Adviser'?

I am an ardent reader of THE ROTARIAN. However, my school background makes a misspelled word look bad in print. When it occurs twice in one issue, the proofreader must have been asleep. "Advisor" is the word, fifth line on page 10, October ROTARIAN; also the same word at the bottom of page 23. My dictionaries give no authority for "advisor." It should be "adviser."

MRS. HARRIET R. MOSES
Wife of Rotarian

Salina, Kansas

Not sleepy were the proofreader's eyes. Webster's New International Dictionary gives both "adviser" and "advisor" as usable. The style book which is followed by the editors of THE ROTARIAN gives preference to the latter spelling.—THE EDITORS.

'The League . . . Lasting Thing'

There is something rather disconcerting in reading about the League of Nations in an article like Arthur Sweetser's *The League Lives—and Labors On* [September ROTARIAN] at the same time one hears the news from Europe, and yet somehow I have a feeling that it may be the one lasting thing that will carry over from the last 20 years into the next and be of some value for the maintenance of international society. If so, we will all be deeply indebted to that small group of men, including Arthur Sweetser, who have carried on under the most trying circumstances.

WALTER H. C. LAVES
Professor of Political Science

University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

'War . . . Momentary Madness'

As long as I can remember, I have been reading THE ROTARIAN. I have read and studied all you say about Rotary's ideal and aims, but I have never realized what Rotary really is.

When war was declared, I felt as though

"Don't know how many there are—every time we start counting we fall asleep."



something inside me had died. Have you ever built around yourself a wall of dreams and hopes? I did. With THE ROTARIAN as my infallible background, I dreamed of cooperation and prosperity for all the world. Now the only thing men are cooperating in is defacing the earth with their bombs and shells. Thinking and building are doomed, I thought. But you have said, "Rotary will carry on"—international brotherhood will carry on. I know now that war is only momentary madness, and that real things—love and faith and hope—will continue through the shadow.

MARIE AUBERLIN
Daughter of Rotarian

Dearborn, Michigan

A Family Magazine

Our whole family reads and enjoys THE ROTARIAN. My eldest daughter has been interested in English and public speaking. She used THE ROTARIAN regularly in high school and since entering college has continued to use it frequently.

Recently we needed some material not available from the local library. A request was made of the State library for it. We received two books and one magazine. That magazine was THE ROTARIAN.

CHARLES H. DETLING
Secretary, Rotary Club

Greenville, Ohio

Poetry—Tedium Reliever

I have learned through lengthening experience that one treasured poem in a year's issue of a magazine makes a reader tend to esteem the magazine—keep it in mind anyway. One of our speakers used a poem very effectively to close his talk; I asked him where he found it, and the reply was, "I found it in THE ROTARIAN Magazine."

There are enough of us who enjoy poems that have a masculine edge to make it worth while for you to keep the poems coming in print—even if for no other reason than to relieve the tedium of endless prose.

A. W. PEACH, *Rotarian*
Classification: Education

Northfield, Vermont

'Logic in Every Line'

Rotary Clubs and THE ROTARIAN serve business and professional men. While there are many craft and technical associations advancing respective vocations, the great majority of Rotarians are not thus organized and served. In-

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spiration is most vital to this group; herein Rotary finds one of its greatest opportunities. Many are the testimonials that have been made as to Rotary's helpfulness in this regard.

Quietly and energetically Vocational Service Committees have been searching for the right avenues of approach, and now comes Lew Zikman with his *Society and the Enterpriser* [August ROTARIAN] breathing sound logic in its every line.

Many are the compliments we have heard. With thanks to THE ROTARIAN and Rotarian Zikman, we are asking Clubs everywhere to re-print and have read this inspiring message.

CHARLES L. WHEELER, *Rotarian*
Classification: *Intercoastal Shipping*
San Francisco, California

'Like a Tonic in Spring'

So many authors go out of their way to tell us about the faults of our great men that it is like a tonic in Spring to read the really fine tribute to "Rotarian" Ben Franklin by Carl Van Doren in the August ROTARIAN entitled *Franklin Almost Invented Rotary*. The article deserves to be featured in every Rotary Club, and I hope every Rotarian will read it, especially those who are still young enough to have many years left to be used in exemplifying our Rotary principles.

ERNEST SMEDLEY, *Rotarian*
Classification: *Commercial Banking*
Downingtown, Pennsylvania

Approves Bibliographical Idea

I was especially glad to find a bibliography on rammed-earth houses in the August ROTARIAN in connection with Selma Robinson's *Houses 'Dirt Cheap'*. . . . It seems to me the present-day habit of the better class of magazines to take articles out of the vacuums in which they were formerly confined, to refer to similar articles in other issues, to tie up one phase of a subject with another by editorial notes—in a word, to give the reader a chance to do what might be called directional reading—is bound to gain fast friends for any publication, and I am sure it will for yours.

EVELYN LIGHT
New York, New York

Re: Auxiliary Language

Anent the correspondence appearing from time to time in Our Readers' Open Forum concerning the adoption of a universal language for the promotion of world peace, the following experience of mine might help to hearten those who champion the cause of English as the likeliest language to accomplish that much-to-be desired end. A few years ago when "White" Russians were seeking refuge in other countries, some of them gravitated to Australia. In doing business with one of them, I was struck with the good English used by him, expressed with best English schoolboy drawl, and asked, on discovering what a short time he had been in Australia, how he so quickly made himself proficient in the "lingo." I was first informed that he had been at school in England (hence the drawl) for a year or so prior to coming to Australia. He further informed me that before going to England he had gained a working knowledge of English whilst working in a Russian bank in Turkestan.

How a Russian could gain a working knowledge of English in such an out-of-the-way place filled me with amazement, but I was again informed that in those parts and right through to, and throughout, the [Continued on page 54]

The ROTARIAN

(Registered. U. S. Patent Office)

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME LV

DECEMBER, 1939

NUMBER 6

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This month's cover—*Playing the Puck*—was done by M. S. Snethen, American illustrator and artist.

THE ROTARIAN is published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, by Rotary International. President: WALTER D. HEAD, Montclair, N. J. Secretary: CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago, Ill. Treasurer: RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago, Ill. Members of Magazine Committee of Rotary International: CLINTON F. KARSTADT (Chairman), Beloit, Wis., U. S. A.; G. RAMIREZ BROWN, Managua, Nicaragua; RICHARD R. CURRIE, Johannesburg, South Africa; STANLEY C. FORBES, Brantford, Ont., Canada; J. RAYMOND TIFFANY, Hoboken, N. J., U. S. A.

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(Contents copyright, 1939, Rotary International)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.50 the year in U.S., Canada, and other countries to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 in other countries, single copies 25 cents.

As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles in regard to the activities of Rotary International. In other respects responsibility is not assumed for statements or opinions expressed by authors.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1918, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE ROTARIAN—"for people who influence people"—is indexed in *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.



Salute of the Sails *Bahía, Brazil*

A Sentimental Anecdote

By **Adrian Rodríguez**

Rotary Club of Pachuca, Mexico

MORE than a decade ago at a District Conference, Donald A. Adams, then President of Rotary International, related to an audience a sentimental anecdote which impressed me. The story runs as follows:

A woman, dressed in rags, was passing along a street in a French town, holding her little son by the hand. Suddenly she stooped to pick up an object from the ground, tucking it within the folds of her ragged garments. In doing so she aroused the suspicions of a nearby policeman, who demanded that she show him what she had concealed. The poor woman, a picture of deprivation, cast down her eyes and revealed a jagged fragment of a broken bottle, explaining: "I was thinking only of the barefoot children."

This miserable and wretched woman, in her thoughtfulness, performed an act akin to Rotary's ideal.

Destiny does not offer all men opportunities to accomplish great and noble tasks. Fortunate is he to whom life offers occasional opportunities to make material contributions to the progress of his community. But it is not alone in the heroic acts, in the gigantic tasks, that the happiness of helpfulness resides. To discover it one need not be an Alexander nor a Pasteur.

Rotary makes no demand that men keep millions in their treasure chests, and that they strew behind them a series of donations which may in some way suppress miseries, alleviate pains, and bring about assorted benefits. Neither does it demand that men assume the attitude of the Franciscan, renouncing all their worldly goods. Rotary asks merely to follow a rule which has geared the hearts of men for centuries—to do unto others as we would have them to do unto us; to cultivate friendship as a means of understanding our fellowmen more sympathetically, so that through this clearer understanding we may learn to appreciate their problems, their joys, their shortcomings, and their capabilities.

Rotary's simple yet important interest is that the ideal of service be foremost in its members' activities. It is quickly seen that great tasks are few and seldom accomplished, but if this spirit of service and friendship prevails through the many interminable little things in life, good will come of effort. All men possess qualities of greatness in some degree, and if each man allows his spark to find expression, the meager tasks for common good will be accomplished.

We can give the house which we are going to leave a complete renovating so that the new tenants, whom we don't even know, will find it clean and pleasant. Each of us can go a step out of his way to aid in some small way an aged blind man, a frightened child wish-

Destiny may not offer us great opportunities for service, but the meager tasks for good also have a place in a Rotary world.

ing to cross a busy intersection. In just a word, all of us can go through the streets picking up the bits of glass so that unsuspecting barefoot children may not cut their feet . . . despite the fact that our own children may be well shod.

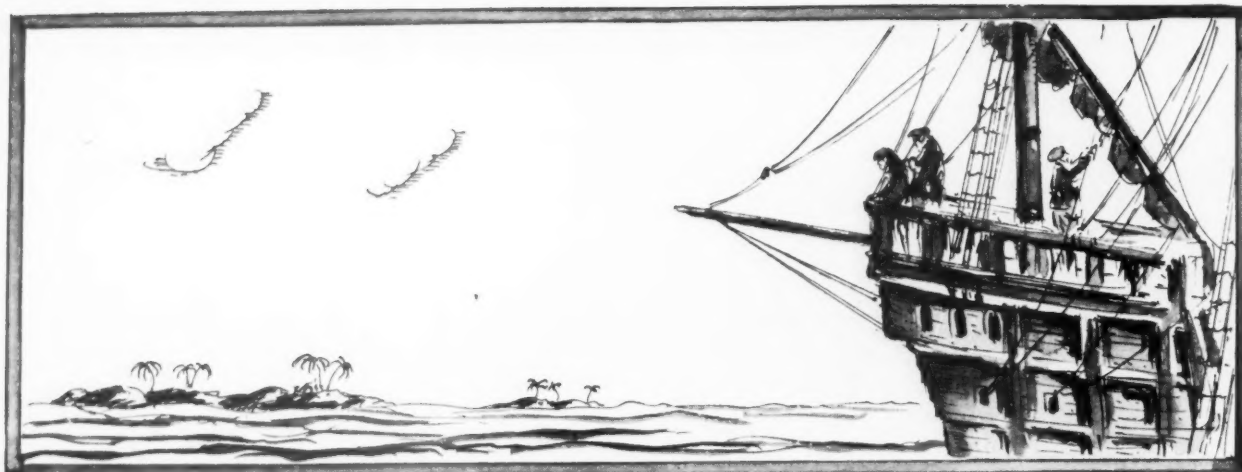
And this same spirit can guide us in the practice of our respective professions, or in the handling of our businesses, in the assurance that through such conduct we are accomplishing a truly Rotarian task—one which, as a result of its constant repetition and the powerful influence of precept, will go on lessening, and perhaps exterminate some day, all the distasteful friction, mistrust, rivalry, and bitterness which sometimes make merchant-consumer, competitor, and employer-employee relationships so odious, strained, distressing, and at times even dangerous.

THE Rotarian, once he has come to understand Rotary, becomes convinced that his occupation, above all else, is the means available to him for service in his community. He realizes that it is his primary duty to serve his particular community because he owes it a debt, one he is anxious and happy to pay. The pecuniary profit which his occupation may render becomes of secondary importance, even though it is a frequent occurrence that such profits increase when the principal purpose is followed efficiently. Few communities fail to reward those who serve them best.

The ideal of service applied in all sincerity has the faculty of creating friends. The Rotarian, through his desire to serve, makes friends easily. Rotary promotes these friendships and endeavors to diffuse their scope and influence among the many nations. In this way Rotary aspires to create a solid and lasting peace for the world. Rotary believes that these international friendships among honest men, striving earnestly in a common ideal of usefulness in their fellowships and community life, will make up, eventually, a force sufficiently large and powerful to withstand the attack of political and economic interests which might endanger the peace of the peoples of the world.

With tiny grains of sand, Rotary is building a majestic mountain. Seemingly insignificant, these grains of sand—deeds of good—make Rotary's service ideal real.

Perhaps in following our humble daily tasks we may never reach a brilliant and far-away star. This doesn't actually matter. But let us rejoice, for the star will sparkle within ourselves!



"From every angle—economic, scientific, nautical, moral—the voyage of Columbus . . . was one unmitigated blunder."

No Mistake, No Discovery

By Hendrik Willem van Loon

Illustrations by the Author

FREDERICK THE GREAT, founder of modern Prussia, is usually regarded as a military leader who rushed triumphantly from one victory to the next and who obtained everything he wanted by means of well-drilled armies and carefully laid plans of battle. He himself, I am afraid, would hardly have agreed with that verdict. On the contrary, during his lonely old age, when he became more and more contemplative and saw himself as he really was, he made one of those illuminating remarks which shows us what was really in his mind when he thought back upon his career as the greatest soldier of his day:

"From 40 years in the field, I have learned that in the last analysis it is old General Luck who plays the decisive part in everything any of us try to do."

When famous people approach the end of their careers, they are very apt to give a serious thought to the future and to do considerable worrying about the opinion of posterity. They may have been completely indifferent about the respect in which they were held by their contemporaries, for these contemporaries had been eyewitnesses, and it is little use trying to tell the bystanders what has actually happened, for they will shrug their shoulders and at best they will utter a polite, "Is that so?" But once they are safely home, they will say, "The old fellow thought perhaps he could fool us. But we know better, for we were there."

Their children and grandchildren, on the other hand, "were not there," and it is therefore possible to influence them by giving a plausible account of both one's deeds and misdeeds, with a fair chance that they will believe at least half of what is told them. Hence the autobiographies of the great and the near-great—ponderous doc-

uments which are in most instances a collection of carefully prepared alibis and apologies.

Errors, delusions, misjudgments—all, contends the author, are an integral part of growth. But we must have courage to admit them.

That remark, therefore, of King Frederick's about old General Luck should be taken with a great deal of salt. If he had been entirely honest with himself and with his prospective readers, this is what he would have said: "I was not a very great strategist. I made a lot of mistakes. What saved me in the end was my almost uncanny ability to recover from my errors in judgment and thereby to turn my failures into an eventual success."

For, indeed, Frederick's strength lay in his tremendous capacity for quick recuperation. He really was not a first-rate soldier. Quite often he handled his troops so clumsily that everything went wrong and he had to confess himself defeated. When darkness saved him, his Austrian opponents could with full reason congratulate themselves that now at last they were rid of this unscrupulous neighbor. But after a few hours of sleep, rolled up in his old threadbare blue coat, and if need be out in the open among his own soldiers (both dead and alive), old Frederick would be as fresh as a daisy and ready for a new encounter. And while his enemies were still celebrating their victory with becoming festivities, the Prussian King (whom they supposed to be miles away) would be right in their midst and would, by the suddenness of his attack, regain everything he had lost.

There you have one type of blunderer—a man who was forever on the brink of disaster, yet came out on top to gain a place among those whom we sometimes call the immortals.

Now let me describe another type, but in this case a

hero who on his deathbed confessed that he had been one of the world's greatest failures. He is one Chris Pigeon, as he was known to his neighbors in Genoa, Italy, or Christopher Columbus, as he is known to us. He did not, like Frederick of Prussia, spend his days fighting battles. He was a man of peace who fought only a few battles with the naked savages who inhabited the islands upon which he stumbled while trying to find a short cut to the riches of India and Japan.

From every possible angle—economic, scientific, nautical, moral—the voyage of Columbus across the Atlantic Ocean was really one unmitigated blunder, for he never came within thousands of miles of the countries he hoped to find.

Yet Columbus gained even greater renown than Frederick of Prussia, for the subsequent success of the New World was based upon his original mistake. True, he did not live to witness the day of his triumph, but that, of course, is not really what counts. For History (being part of Nature) is never in a hurry and it is not in the least interested in the "ways and means," but only in the final results.

AS LONG, for example, as Nature is able to produce one genius every 100 years or so, she seems quite contented, and whether that genius actually lives to hear himself acclaimed as one of the benefactors of the human race, or dies on the scaffold or in shabby loneliness, is of about just as much concern to her as the fate of an individual soldier to a Napoleon when he sets out to destroy a rival empire.

Some day someone will write a most enlightening volume (or, rather, a series of volumes) upon this most fascinating of all subjects—the rôle which mistakes, errors of judgment, and delusions of all sorts and varieties have played in making the world what it is today. I would warmly welcome such a book, for it would give us the courage which we shall need to pull us through the present era, which in the eyes of most of our contemporaries has never been surpassed for its stupidity and

lack of imagination, for its cruelty, selfishness, and downright greed and perfidy.

I feel inclined to share that opinion, but at the same time I realize that 50 or even 25 years from now we shall undoubtedly begin to realize that, somehow or other, all these hideous experiences were absolutely necessary if we were to take the next step forward along the road of progress.

I have little love for the rôle of a Pollyanna saying "Goody! Goody!" when I get the measles because I might just as well have caught typhoid fever or might even have broken my neck. And I realize that a great many readers will tell me that if I meant to console them for their present sufferings and their mental and physical agonies by telling them this "fairy story," I am merely wasting my time and that they could do very nicely without my cheerful words of reassurance. But let them remember that all of us just now are in the midst of the most gigantic economic and spiritual upheaval that has ever taken place, and that the soldier in a battle is proverbially the worst-informed person about the events that are happening around him. And let me also remind them that every battle must at some time come to an end, and that on that day we shall finally learn what has been really accomplished.

Our nautical ancestors, who were conscious of their limitations, used to say that they sailed "by God and by guess." We have passed beyond that point, but only to a very limited extent. We still have to do a great deal of "guessing" and many of us are beginning to suspect that we have not yet quite reached the point when we can leave the Lord entirely out of our calculations.

And so we shall continue our voyage, but all of us would be a great deal better off if we could only realize that the mistakes we make are an unavoidable and integral part of our growth and that they count for nothing so long as we have the courage to confess that we have been wrong and that there is only one thing we can do. It is this: we can begin again and try to do better on the basis of our previous errors.

"Frederick . . . ready for a new encounter . . . would, by the suddenness of his attack, regain everything he had lost."





BUSINESS MANAGEMENT



BUYER-SELLER RELATIONSHIP



COMPETITOR

RELATIONSHIP

● Rotary seeks to promote "the ideal of service" through Club Service, Vocational Service, Community Service, and International Service—the avenues charted by its Four Objects. . . . Least understood is Vocational Service. Which of its five aspects (Business Management, and Buyer-Seller, Competitor, Employer-Employee, and International-Trade Relationships) should be stressed? That question is opened by the following exchange of views. What do you think? Brief letters will be welcomed.—Eds.

Industrial Relations Are Our Opportunity!

Says Reuel W. Beach

Governor, District 196, Cambridge, Mass.

ROBERT FROST, a poet best known perhaps in his native New England, has written a poem entitled *Mending Wall*.^{*} It begins:

*Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,*

and then it tells how he and his neighbor set out to mend their stone wall, he on his side, his neighbor on the other, keeping the wall "between us as we go."

Then the poet begins to wonder why they have a wall between them at all and concludes:

*Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense. . . .
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down.*

If I understand the original purpose of Rotary's Founder, it was an effort on the part of Paul Harris,

somewhat of a stranger in Chicago, with few friends, and those friends hardly more than acquaintances, to break down that wall of reserve which always keeps men apart who scarcely know each other. So Rotary began, and so it has continued. Club Service strives through friendliness to remove walls which keep us apart. Community Service seeks to level walls that separate those in any kind of need from those more fortunate. Through International Service we hope to remove walls of international distrust and misunderstanding.

But what of Vocational Service? For years it has lain dormant. Yet, if we are convinced that it should be made effective, and then act with the courage of our convictions, we shall accomplish great things for Rotary and for society—perhaps Rotary's crowning achievement.

Is there anyone who does not deplore the endless disputes, strikes, lockouts, and even warfare that prevail in industry today? What subject is more worthy of our earnest consideration than that of industrial peace? What if Rotary's Second Object had called for the advancement of understanding, goodwill, and peace in industrial relations 20 years ago? What if we then had taken the lead in studying the causes of industrial strife and had developed a strong determination to apply the necessary remedies? Is it too much to believe that Rotary might be today the most potent influence for good in this complex situation? Perhaps we in America might even be spared the sorry spectacle of the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., the National Labor Relations Board, and in many cases management, all busily erecting walls of misunderstanding, suspicion, and distrust.

The trouble begins with our Second Object. It does not state the issue. It is not in the true spirit of Rotary. It reads: "High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society." That something was wrong with it doubtless was the reason for the recent contest to rephrase it. In the June, 1939, ROTARIAN,

^{*} Permission granted by Henry Holt and Company to reprint from *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.

Vocational Service?



RELATIONSHIP



EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE RELATIONSHIP



INTERNATIONAL TRADE RELATIONSHIP

you found the result of that contest, whose purpose was to "describe Vocational Service in definitive language"! It is as follows:

Since fundamentally my business or profession is the expression of my personality in terms of service to individuals and to society, I must endeavor to preserve the dignity and worthiness of my calling by maintaining the very highest standards and by avoiding any practices which might reflect discredit upon myself or my craft; and

Since success must be evaluated in terms not only of material profit to myself, but also in terms of service rendered to society as a whole, I cannot demand for others ethical standards in business conduct which I am not prepared to accept and practice for myself.

This statement is wholly in terms of standards. But Rotary's function is not that of a glorified trade association, dealing with codes of ethics and standards. One cannot get excited over standards, for the good and sufficient reason that commonsense and experience teach us to avoid the house whose standards are low. Competition, offering elsewhere the better quality and service of the house whose standards are high, has a way of taking care of that problem as part of the normal life of trade.

What we need to do is to recast our Second Object in terms of *industrial* understanding, goodwill, and peace. We need to hold up before us that aspect of Vocational Service which is *not* taken care of by the natural process of trade.

RESTATING the Second Object would help. It could read: "High ethical standards in business and professions, and the recognition that only through mutual understanding and goodwill can labor and management serve each other and society well." This is short and to the point.

It would also help if each Rotarian who is an executive, representing management, were permitted to have as an "additional active" in his Club a member of his organization representing labor. At present the additional member is just another representative of management.

Present "additional actives" should be permitted to retain their membership, but in time two members from any single business organization would represent labor and management, respectively.

I also recommend that we make an earnest effort to bring into our membership real labor leaders, the union officials in our various communities. In an editorial in the August, 1939, *ROTARIAN*, under the heading *Union Men Wear the Wheel*, it is stated that "The Rotary Club of Chicago has recently voted to open two classifications to representatives of labor organizations," and that "At least a dozen other Clubs from Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania, to San Diego, California, have members in labor-union classifications." A labor leader has quite as much right in a Rotary Club as any other executive.

These steps taken, our Second Object would begin to receive the same thought and attention which we now give to the other three. Our Secretariat would provide Clubs with the necessary program helps, etc., to make the Object vital. The popular Rotary speech would be on industrial peace quite as much as on world peace. The sorry conditions in industry would challenge our efforts to improve them, just as the international situation, as was said again and again at the Cleveland Convention last June, represents a "challenging opportunity" for Rotary.

We would then have a Second Object that would focus our attention on the need for mutual understanding and goodwill in industrial relations, and a method by which the characteristic good fellowship of our Clubs would bring the representatives of labor and management into relations which are vitally necessary if we are to develop a spirit of genuine goodwill leading to enduring peace.

Some 15 or 20 years ago I was connected with a printing plant in which there was a strike. It was over wages and hours—a demand for a 44- instead of a 48-hour week, at no reduction in wages. I belonged to the management end of the concern, but held a subordinate position, without any authority in the matter. My recollection is that

there was no real attempt to create an atmosphere of mutual understanding. The attitude seemed to be, "To hell with them—let 'em strike." Management finally won, but I was told that it cost the concern \$60,000 before the men came back to work. I do not know what it cost the men, nor the cost of the resultant loss of confidence and goodwill between employer and employee.

In due course I became president of another printing plant. In 1932 or 1933 we came to the conclusion that a reduction in wages was imperative, if the doors were to stay open. One afternoon I called our employees around me, discussed the whole situation, told them the extent to which we were reducing salaries, which was about 25 percent, and said that we felt it necessary to reduce wages about 10 percent, except in the lower scales, where there would be no reduction. The men were invited to ask questions freely. The meeting was soon over. Everyone accepted the situation with as good grace as was humanly possible. The fact that we had no trouble has always seemed to me to be the result of a genuine effort to achieve mutual understanding and goodwill by treating our employees as human beings.

That illustrates the lack of our present Second Object; it needs a human appeal, something about which you can begin to do something.

I have suggested "High ethical standards in business and professions, and the recognition that only through mutual understanding and goodwill can labor and management serve each other and society well." With such an Object, easy to understand, one which no man with the ideals which we expect of Rotarians can fail to approve, our organization of thousands of Rotarians, representing thousands of businesses large and small, would take the lead in solving labor problems in terms of human understanding.

THIS revision of our Second Object retains the emphasis on high ideals in business and professions which we always want to hold up before us. It still gives us all the opportunity we need to discuss ethical standards, competitor relations, service to society, or any other topic under the general heading of Vocational Service which we may wish to select. It adds to a generalization about high ideals a specific appeal for greater understanding in industrial relations which is akin to our Fourth Object, and in keeping with the spirit of Rotary as a whole. It places the emphasis where it properly belongs.

In Vocational Service I do not ask that we enter as an organization into industrial disputes, any more than I ask that Rotary mediate in such an international crisis as the conflict between China and Japan. Any such action would be the height of folly. It would fail of accomplishment and it would wreck our organization. Rotary is, and should remain, an organization whose purpose is to level the walls which keep men apart in society, in industry, and in the world at large by creating an atmosphere of mutual understanding and goodwill.

But let us give our members the challenging opportunity to study the problems of labor and manage-

ment, so that we may begin to level the walls which now stand as barriers to industrial understanding, goodwill, and peace. If we do not do it, it will be done for us, in ways that will continue to create the very strife they are intended to settle.

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall, that wants it down."

Let's Concentrate Now on Competitor Relationship

Says Edward F. McFaddin

Past Director, Rotary International

WHITHER Rotary's Vocational Service? Of its five aspects, which should we emphasize *now*?

District Governor Reuel W. Beach and I briefly discussed those questions at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, last June, during Rotary's International Assembly. He still has his original views; I have mine. But we both agree on the importance of Vocational Service. Our difference of opinion comes when we consider ways of implementing it, and I am happy to have this opportunity of discussing it with him in *THE ROTARIAN*, for Rotary will begin "to go places" when we get many Rotarians to thinking, talking, and writing about this subject, so vital to the organization.

As I analyze Rotarian Beach's thesis, three points emerge. They are:

1. Revise the present Second Object of Rotary.
2. Change the classification principle of Rotary to permit both labor and management to have representation in each Rotary Club.
3. Have Rotary Clubs and Rotary International work in the employer-employee relationship, to the exclusion of all the other phases of Vocational Service.

I now consider his points in the order listed.

1. *Revising the Second Object.* Rotarian Beach urges the Second Object be revised. For convenience, I list in parallel columns the Second Object as it now is, and as he would rewrite it:

Present Second Object:

To encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

Suggested Revision:

To encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professions, and the recognition that only through mutual understanding and goodwill can labor and management serve each other and society well.

It will be observed that the *proposal* omits entirely the "recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations." To omit that thought from the Second Object is to leave unemphasized the fact that Rotary is a *leveller of all false distinctions*. For years it has been pointed out that this "recognition of all useful occupations" equalizes the

butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker of similar use to society as the doctor, the lawyer, and the teacher. We must not at any event leave out of our vocational program the fact that we recognize the worthiness of all useful occupations.

Furthermore, we now encourage every Rotarian to dignify his "occupation as an opportunity to serve society." In lieu of that thought, Rotarian Beach would have us recognize that "only through mutual understanding and goodwill can labor and management serve each other and society." Do you think we would gain anything by changing the present thought to the one suggested? It must be remembered that when the Six Objects were revised into the present Four Objects (in 1935), there was the effort to take the language of the Six Objects and put it into the Four Objects. Must we go all over again the arguments on changing the *language and thought* of the Objects?

I suspect that by this time the reader has reached the conclusion, as I have, that (1) high ethical standards in business and professions, and (2) the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and (3) the dignifying by each *Rotarian* of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society—all together—carry with them the implication and meaning that only through mutual understanding and goodwill can any *partners* aid society. There is no need to revise the Second Object to point specifically the finger at the partnership of labor and management. Labor and management (as employees and employers) are *partners* in aiding society, just as are buyer and seller partners in aiding society, and just as are international wholesaler and distributor, and just as are competitors. Each group relationship embraces the idea of aiding society.

The application of Vocational Service is divided into (I) Business Management and (II) Group Relationships. There are four of these group relationships: (a) Buyer-Seller Relationship, (b) Competitor Relationship, (c) Employer-Employee Relationship, and (d) International-Trade Relationship. For years it has been recognized that the application of the Second Object of Rotary embraces the employer-employee relationship as well as three other group relationships. To change the Second Object of Rotary now and make it apply only to labor and management is to omit three-fourths of the application of the present Second Object to group relationships. Now, in a world of storm and strife, is no time for Rotarians to limit their activities to one field of Vocational Service (employer-employee), when the other fields of service are also vital to the well-being of the world. Now is the time to widen our horizons.

NO, changing the Second Object will not accomplish the desired result. We can write an Object and word it any way we see fit, but it takes the *application* of the Object by the *individual Rotarian in his life and daily contacts* to make it *worth while*. I agree that the present Second Object has more words in it than any of the other Objects, and yet it is least understood by the average

Rotarian. But I do not think it is the wording that fails to make the Object understood; it is the fact that we went a number of years without placing any emphasis on the Second Object. I am happy that Rotarian Beach is calling attention to the necessity of studying the Second Object and applying it in the life and contacts of every Rotarian. We need the application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian in his business life, as well as in his personal and community life; but changing the wording will not achieve the desired result.

2. *Changing the Classification Principle.* Rotarian Beach would have us change the classification principle of Rotary, for he says that each Rotarian who is an executive should be permitted to have as an additional active in his Club "a member of his organization representing labor. At present the additional member is just another representative of management. Present 'additional actives' should be permitted to retain their membership, but in time two members from any single business organization would represent labor and management, respectively."

IT is certainly a desirable thing for executives in charge of labor organizations to occupy the classification of *labor* in Rotary Clubs. But I cannot subscribe to the plan of each executive bringing into the Rotary Club some one of his employees representing the laborers of his factory. If the suggested plan were followed, we would bring into Rotary the same division between labor and management that exists in some of industry today. I prefer to let Rotary Clubs remain composed as they are, and for each employer to work out in his own factory his own plans for improving more cordial relations between labor and management, just as Rotarian Beach has done in his own plant—not by corporate action of Rotary International, but by the individual effort of the individual Rotarian in his own business. As is said in the book *Rotary?** (page 273), "It is not Rotary's mission to save the world; it is Rotary's mission to train, educate, and inspire business executives for the effective performance of their obligations toward society."

3. *Emphasis on Employer-Employee Relationship.* The third point in Rotarian Beach's thesis is that we should place all the emphasis of Vocational Service on the employer-employee relationship to the absolute exclusion of the (a) competitor relationship, (b) the buyer-seller relationship, and (c) the international-trade relationship. He would do this throughout the entire Rotary world, because he would change the Second Object to that effect.

Now, for the Rotary years 1938-39 and 1939-40, we have tried to get Rotarians in the USCNB (United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda) to emphasize the competitor relationship. This was done by Board of Directors action in January, 1939, and applies to the USCNB region only. But there is nothing in the Board action that prevents any Rotarian [*Continued on page 62*]

*A survey of the Rotary Club of Chicago by a committee of social scientists from the University of Chicago. University of Chicago Press. 1934. \$4. Copies may be obtained from the Rotary Club of Chicago.

If You Would Detect Propaganda—

By Clyde R. Miller

Director, The Institute for Propaganda Analysis

ASPEAKER at the Institute of Human Relations at Williams College once declared that Americans were surrounded by "clouds of propaganda." He thought something ought to be done about it.

What he said for Americans holds for all peoples. And various things are being done about it in various countries. In some there is suppression of propagandas disliked by the Government in power. In the United States a Congressional committee has been attempting to reveal the sources and nature of propagandas assailing Americans. In various countries, but notably in England and America, individuals and groups, schools and learned societies, have been devoting much time to a study of the nature of propaganda, its techniques, its implications for individuals and for groups.

But while the suppressions, investigations, and discussions are going on, propaganda itself is given tremendous added force for good or evil by the present world crisis. Today, as never before, it behooves the individual to be able to recognize propaganda, and, on the basis of simple analysis, to take measures to protect himself against the propaganda that may be harmful and to recognize that which may be good.

The clouds of propaganda through which we try to see our way contain much that is good, much that is evil, much that is innocuous.

Out of the constant welter of more or less distorted news, editorials, sales talk, advertising, and political persuasion which comes to us through cinema, newspaper, and radio, what is helpful and what is harmful? The answer cannot be given to cover every specific instance; but a six-point plan can be of use to every citizen who wants to recognize propaganda and to deal with it in terms of protecting his own interests and those of his fellow citizens. This six-point plan I suggest as a result of two years spent in observing the work of The Institute for Propaganda Analysis, New York City, a nonprofit organization formed to help citizens detect and analyze propaganda.

Point 1. Define the term and we discover that propaganda simply is an expression of opinion or action calculated to influence the opinions and actions of others with reference to some predetermined end. As I have already pointed out in *THE ROTARIAN*, the persuasion may in-

From a welter of 'information' a choice can be made of what is good, evil, or innocuous. Here is a six-point plan to guide you.

volve a matter of social insignificance—whether, for example, Mr. Jiggs is able to propagandize his wife to serve corned beef and cabbage for dinner; or it may involve matters of great moment—whether our nation goes to war or remains at peace, whether our political party wins or loses control of the Government.* Propaganda may involve action, such as a mass meeting or mass demonstration, for or against some policy.

Point 2. Today's propagandas concern us most because our reaction to them may determine the kind of world we live in tomorrow. What sort of laws do we want? What candidates for office? What side are we on in the war? Ancient propagandas are interesting, but they are dead issues. The Boston tea party was a perfect propaganda stunt to popularize the American Revolution. There will be countless propaganda acts on each side in the current European war. Both sides have attempted to use the sinking of the *Athenia* as propaganda. Watch for other examples.

Point 3. Propaganda often is supercharged with emotion to appeal to our fears, our hatreds, and our loftiest hopes and ideals. With this emotional content, it can sweep us off our feet into hysterias of fear or hatred, or into a rosy glow of exaltation. In the first World War, propaganda did just this.

Point 4. Propaganda is effective only when there exists a fertile soil in which it can take root and grow. Such a field exists today, and it is more fertile today than in any other period of recent history. In times of economic depression, unemployment, war, you find millions of people listening for, eager to consider, and likely to be swayed by spoken or written propaganda. Hence in troubled times rise the demagogues who promise to bring happier days and to punish the evil persons or groups who caused the troubled times.

Point 5. Propaganda, though sometimes dangerous, is often salutary. Here again, remember that there is both good and bad propaganda. For example, most persons believe that propaganda

for soil conservation is good. And remember that most persons, though they may be misled at times, want to do the right thing. This characteristic of humanity, I think, is the one thing that has enabled it to progress so far

* *Propaganda for Goose and Gander*, September, 1938, *ROTARIAN*.



Propaganda of another day—Benjamin Franklin's famed cartoon urging a union of American colonies.

in its comparatively brief history.

Point 6. Last and, perhaps, most important, every man can learn to detect and analyze propaganda for himself. Earlier in this article, propaganda was defined as an expression of opinion, or action, calculated to influence the opinions and actions of others to some predetermined end. Whenever you hear propaganda—any propaganda—ask yourself: "Who says it? Why? What are his motives? What were the motives of those who influenced him? What does he want me to do?"

I do not say this process is easy. It is much harder for a human being to be thoughtful than for him to act according to an emotional impulse. I do say every man can protect himself by asking these questions.

Propaganda always has been a driving force in human affairs, but today, thanks to this generation's spectacular improvements in means of communication, its power for good or evil is greatly increased.

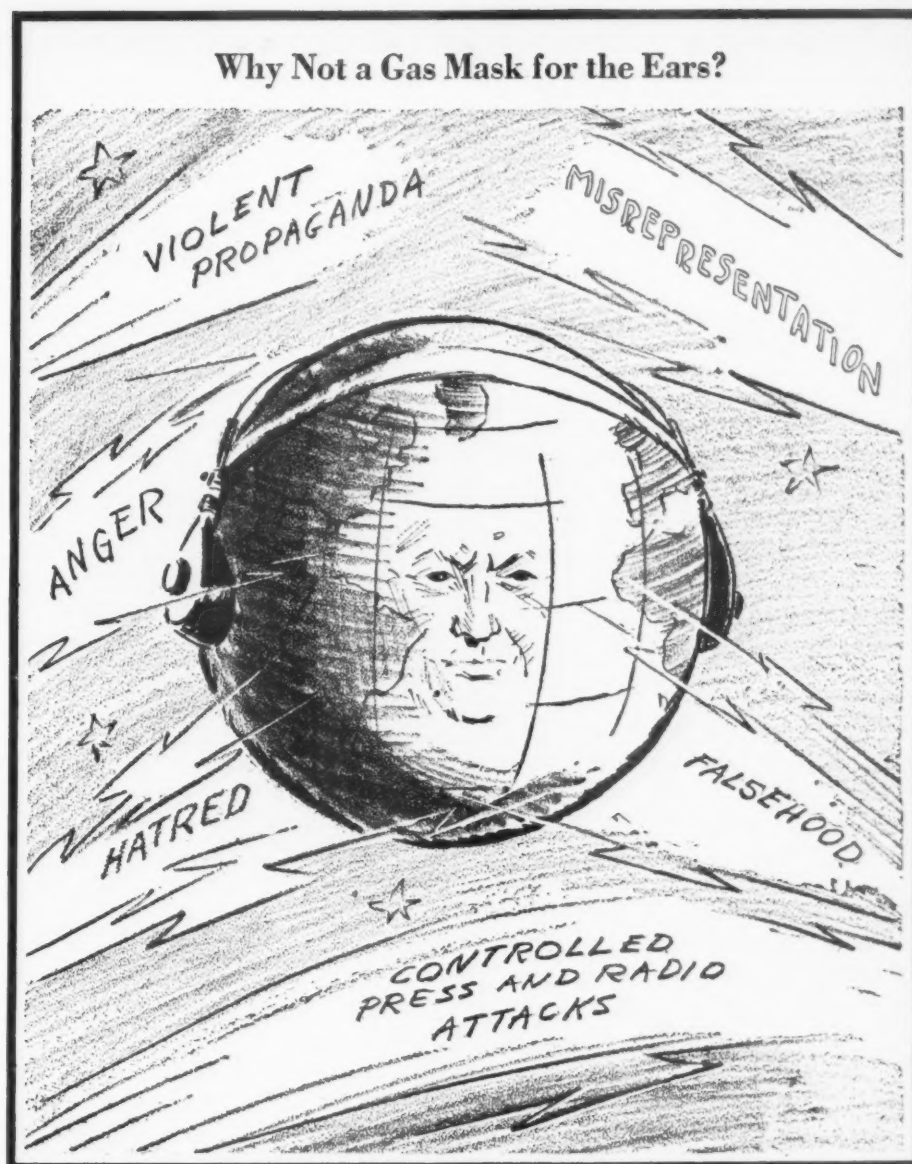
Remember that today, for the first time in history, newsreels can bring world news to us in a few days; newspapers in a few hours; radio with the speed of light.

Take one example: the newspapers. American reportage is, I think, excellent. Yet the best of newspaper correspondents can be appreciably handicapped by the activities of other Governments.

In a country at war, censorship usually is set up. Reporters may be forbidden to send messages not approved by the censor. A correspondent may write a news article, hand it to the cable operator, and months later may learn that only a part of it got through. Or it may not have been sent at all. Propaganda thus may be the suppression of facts as well as dissemination of facts.

A major military defeat may be eliminated from cable news. The obvious reason would be to keep up morale in the defeated country, and to make the world believe that the defeated country is being successful; hence to climb on the band wagon, other peoples should support that nation.

Again, newspapers report what Herr Hitler says, what Prime Minister Chamberlain says, what Gandhi



Courtesy, The Christian Science Monitor and Paul Carnack

says, what President Roosevelt says. Any speeches of important figures are news. But the speeches themselves are propaganda. When any high official makes a talk, he gets—and uses to the full—an opportunity to get his side of the argument before every man and woman. So, too, do all of us. All of us are propagandists—even if we are only trying to persuade our wives that we want corned beef and cabbage for supper.

Propaganda can be suppressed (as by some Governments, which have set up monopolies of propaganda); it can be answered with counterpropaganda (we now see charges and countercharges flying between the countries at war); or it can be analyzed. But if we believe in freedom of the press and freedom of speech, we do not want it suppressed; we want to make up our own minds.

Few of us are in a position to answer the propaganda campaigns that are staged to influence our thinking. But all of us can analyze propaganda.

Who says it? Why? What does he want us to do?

If you do not want to be taken in by propaganda, insist on the facts. Weigh the points on behalf of every side.

Soaring on a Shoestring

By Karl Detzer

TWO YEARS AGO, Frankfort, Michigan, which is on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, pretty well north toward the straits, had a few commercial fishermen, a few Summer visitors, and no fame at all. Now it calls itself the soaring capital of America. It has a gliding school, the first ever incorporated in the United States. It has a sailplane factory. Four out of five of its 1,400 residents have been aloft in sailplanes, and a surprising number of them are experienced glider pilots. Last year 4,500 motorless flights were made at Frankfort; many of them lasted for hours and covered long distances.

In 1935 a half-dozen glider enthusiasts seeking good air currents found that when the prevailing west wind struck the dunes at Frankfort, it rose suddenly. Ships that never had flown more than a few minutes were able to soar there for hours. The news spread among America's 900 glider pilots, and more of them came to ride above the dunes. A redheaded young man in Hollywood, California, heard about the place in 1938. He put his homemade sailplane on a trailer, bought an ancient car, and drove to Frankfort. Stan Corcoran is his name; he is an ace among soaring pilots. He got a job in a garage, flew his old crate in his spare time.

Two other young fellows joined him: Ted Bellak brought his own ship from Newark, New Jersey. Vic Saudek, Carnegie Tech graduate engineer, hitchhiked from Pittsburgh. All three were broke. Saudek and Corcoran were 22 years old; Bellak was 26.

In August, 1938, 20 pilots, recruited through Corcoran's enthusiasm, met in Frankfort, and held the first "American Open Soaring Meet." It drew boys who could not afford the long trek from the Midwest to the swankier meet at Elmira, New York. Most of them brought their ships on wobbly trailers towed by jalopies. They broke no records, but they did have a wonderful time. More important, they offered free rides in two-place ships, and 140 of Frankfort's 1,400 people went up as passengers. They came down wanting to learn to sail.

Businessmen watched the graceful, silent ships floating over town and listened to the enthusiastic youngsters. In October, 14 of them held a meeting in the back room of the local bank to "do something about gliding" . . . Jim Smiley, who runs the coal yard; Pete

Peterson, the printer; the Bennett brothers, undertakers; Banker Leon Rose; Charlie Didrickson, the druggist; Doc Thacker, physician and surgeon; Bill Olsen, from the filling station; Lawrence Kinne, the power-company manager; N. E. Sayles, a grocer—typical small-town folk. (Nine of the 14 are Frankfort Rotarians.) They asked Corcoran to tell them what Frankfort could do for gliding, and what gliding could do for Frankfort.

"It will take lots of money," Corcoran warned.

"How much?" someone asked uneasily.

"Six hundred dollars."

In gliding that *is* big money. Half of American sailplanes belong to clubs of students, shop employees, or village boys who put up \$5 to \$25 each and build ships for less than \$300, then pay only \$5 to \$10 a year in dues.

Frankfort's businessmen raised the \$600, and Corcoran went to work. Bellak helped him and Saudek did the engineering. The town paid them \$15 a week each. In three months they had produced what some experts call the finest glider ever built. All Frankfort went out to see its trials. Soon scores of citizens were asking Corcoran to teach them to fly.

He incorporated the gliding school with the 14 Main



- Fourteen citizens willing to risk \$600 created a new industry in a Michigan city. Four out of five take to the air now, and love it.

Street merchants as his partners. Most of them were students, too. Within a month dozens of fishermen, carpenters, housewives, clerks, and farmers signed up for lessons, paid what they could afford, from \$15 to \$50 for the two-week course, learned to glide. The Federal Government sent 12 aviation students to take instruction, and recently has engaged Bellak to begin organizing boys' glider clubs throughout the country.

Corcoran built a second plane; local men bought two others. In these four ships Frankfort flew all Winter,

The people think gliding, talk gliding, practice gliding every month of the year. Eight out of ten of them have been aloft. Youngest passenger so far is the four-month-old daughter of a flying couple; the eldest, a pilot's 90-year-old grandfather.

When a Frankfort businessman is late to dinner, his wife only shrugs and says, "Must be a good soaring day." The truant officer has learned to make daily scrutiny of the glider field; and if you need a doctor in a hurry and he's not at his office, try the airport.

Gliding in America is really only ten years old. Though the Wright brothers did glide, learning to fly, it was in 1929 that a youth named Westerlund broke the official record by staying up two and one-half minutes, floating 700 yards. This year dozens of Frankfort flights lasted from four to seven hours. Russia holds the distance record, 407 miles at an average speed of 48 miles an hour;

Corcoran has sailed 202 miles.

Sailplanes, towed by a car or a winch, go up like kites. At 400 or 500 feet the pilot drops the towline, jockeys till he finds a buoyant air current, then sails away on it.

"Cloud riding" is the newest development. There are winds called "thermals" which blow



Photos: (page 16 and above) Courtesy, Popular Aviation; (right) Acme

using a frozen lake as a field. With only four sailplanes they had to stand in line waiting turns. So 20 businessmen raised \$2,000 in the Spring to start Corcoran building sailplanes in a small empty storeroom next to the post office.

Frankfort invited the American Soaring Society to a Summer meet, and 41 licensed pilots, scores of students, and ground crews numbering 100 came. Youths from 18 States and veterans from Germany and Poland soared over town, tested new tricks, strove for altitude, duration, and distance records. Ted Bellak flew his ship 80 miles across Lake Michigan for a world over-water record. Once 12 planes were floating over town at the same time.

In six months Corcoran had finished three planes. He has orders for ten more at prices ranging from \$600 to \$1,250. Next Summer he will move into larger quarters, and with more help will be able to build a ship a week. Thus Frankfort's 14 businessmen who were willing to risk \$600 created a new industry and brought a new, exciting interest to their 1,400 people.

Small boys whittle gliders while their mothers are up taking lessons; merchants and their clerks take turnabout behind the counter and behind the controls of sailplanes.

The gull-like sailplane, Dove of Peace, on page 16, carried Ted Bellak, receiving congratulations from Tow Pilot Szmagaj and a smile from Rotarian J. J. Smiley, Jr. (center below), across Lake Michigan. No snow-covered field (center) can freeze up soaring enthusiasm.



straight up, usually through the middle of a fleecy white cloud. Bob Stanley, an American ace, last Summer "hooked on to a thermal," rose 17,264 feet, sometimes at the rate of 3,000 feet a minute, then glided to earth 85 miles away, all in 95 minutes. A German last year rose to 28,400 feet.

Ten miles inland from Frankfort, sailplaners discovered a farm where thermals are common. They spend much of their time there now, trying to hitch rides on clouds. They call the place "Siberia," explaining, "You've got to walk four miles for a bottle of pop."

Already glider pilots have discovered many good thermal districts in New York and New Jersey, Georgia, Michigan, and Texas. No doubt there are thousands in America. Large plowed fields and roofs of closely built houses cause thermals to rise. Last Summer several pilots at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, rose thousands of feet on currents of heat from the steel furnaces.

Sailplaning is possible anywhere, though shore dunes or low ranges of hills help. More than 30 colleges and

schools in the United States from coast to coast now have successful soaring clubs, and such widely scattered points as Ithaca, New York; Atlanta, Georgia; Wichita Falls, Texas; Lafayette, Indiana; Los Angeles, California; and Honolulu have become gliding centers.

Each glider flight, long or short, adds to the sum of knowledge of wind, weather, clouds, and flying. That is why the Federal Government has made gliding part of its air training program. Frankfort's merchants are doing their share. There is a sound of hammering and a smell of glue in the shop next to the post office, where Corcoran is turning out ships not only for local enthusiasts, but also for sportsmen from several States who visited Frankfort last Summer, rode as passengers, and decided to have sailplanes of their own.

The school is open to anyone with \$50 and two weeks to spend, provided he proves to Corcoran in his first test that he is "temperamentally suited." If he gets tense, grips the wheel like a poor automobile driver, he gets his money back and goes no further.

"Anyone who can drive a car can drive a glider," Corcoran says. "The difference is that gliding is safer."

Sailplanes are very safe. They are light and land slowly at a flat angle. Even though most ships now in use are cheap homemade crates, there have been few accidents. In ten years only two pilots have ever bailed out in parachutes at a national meet in the United States; both were unhurt.

With the school running full time and several helpers at work in the shop, Frankfort is stabilizing its pay roll. It has made its recreation a paying business, its new industry a game. Its first \$600 investment has carried it a long way. Its merchants, short on cash and long on enthusiasm, "caught a thermal" when they decided to invest. Like the young pilots themselves, this small town is soaring on a shoestring.

Expert instructor of pupils in the Frankfort, Mich., Soaring School, Stanley Corcoran (left) is equally adept at soaring (below). One of 17 holders of the Silver "C" glider license in the United States, he gets a tow for a motorless flight along the thermal cloud highways.

Photos: Courtesy, Popular Aviation



The 'Get the Name' Game

By Ernest Wynne Boyden

STOPPING in a small print shop the other day, I ran across an almost unbelievable situation. Within a few minutes I knew the names of three of the four employees, for learning names is a sort of game with me. But ordinary strategy failed when I tried to get the name of the fourth man—the pressman, a shy fellow who kept in the background. Then came an opportunity for the boss to introduce me—but he couldn't! He had only four employees working together in the same room, but he had to ask the pressman his name right in front of me!

But is that so unbelievable? After all, how many people do *you* know? Eliminate those in public life whom you "know" through the newspapers, newsreels, and radio broadcasts. How many people do you know well enough to speak to—right in your own neighborhood and home town, people you will be seeing during the next few weeks? A hundred, perhaps 1,000 or more.

I'll make it harder. How many of these people can you call by their first names or last names when you meet them? Nicknames don't count in this contest; you must be able to speak the name itself, and, if possible, know how to spell it. How can you claim acquaintanceship if you can't even tell the name of the acquaintance?

Perhaps you wonder who some of these people may be—people whom you cannot call by name. For instance, can you give the name of—

The attendant at the service station? (You "know" him.)

The druggist? (You asked him to cash your check Saturday.)

The checker at the grocery? (He calls you by name.)

The girl in the doctor's office? (She's pleasant to you.)

The conductor on the interurban train you always take? (He's been on that run for five years.)

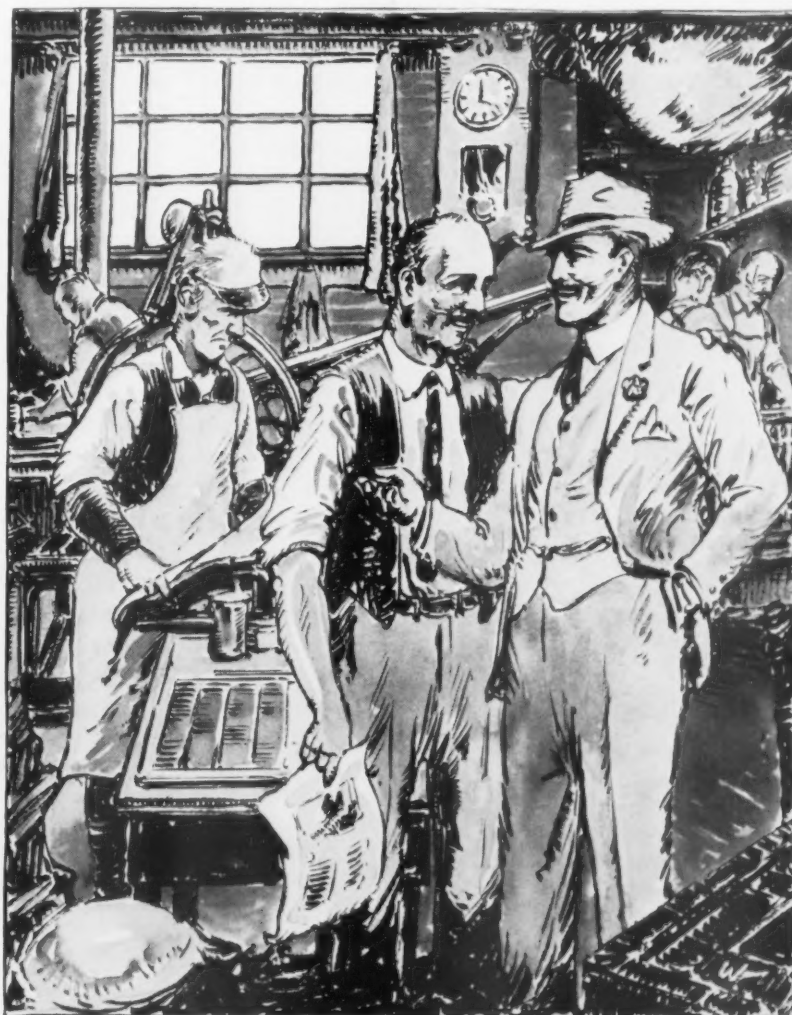
I could make the list much longer, and so could you. There are literally hundreds of people whom you'll encounter during any week, people whom you have seen before and will no doubt see again. Wouldn't it be pleasanter if

A simple formula for spreading a bit of cheer and gathering some for oneself—by lifting the veil of anonymity from daily contacts.

you spoke to them by name, making the practice a little game of your own? Suppose you said to the elevator operator, "Good morning, Mr. Jenkins." He would be surprised, because you never have done this before, and because he wouldn't know how you found his name. But he would be pleased.

Now let's be honest. Maybe you see no point in bothering yourself to learn an elevator operator's name. Well, *what are you doing* when you ride up in the elevator? Stewing over your own problems and feeling a bit sorry for yourself? Quite likely. How much happier you would be if you would put your mind on something else.

So why not make it a game to learn the names of people you meet? But there must be rules, the first of which is that you never ask anyone his name. Crude



In a four-man print shop the author sought the names of the employees . . . but the boss himself failed on one.

methods must be avoided, for if you ask someone his name, he will not be surprised if you know it and use it. His utter surprise is part of your fun. Furthermore, you must avoid asking anyone else the name of your quarry—which would make the game too easy—if you can avoid it. To be sure, you can't always do that.

How proceed? That's where the fun starts. Go back to the elevator operator. His operator's license is on the wall of his car, but perhaps there are two or even three there. You will have to resort to strategy. Look closely at the two licenses: John M. Jenkins on the top one and William Markle on the bottom one. Some morning the starter may be without his "clicker" and, nodding to the operator in your car, will say distinctly, "O. K., Jack." Obviously, you're not riding with William, for "Jack" is the accepted nickname for "John." It all ties up. So the next morning you get into Jack's car and say cheerfully, "Good morning, Mr. Jenkins." Mr. Jenkins is pleasantly surprised, and you feel a lift quite apart from that imparted by the elevator.

All this is quite a little work, you think. But it will be less work each time you do it and, besides, the work involved was an excellent means for fixing the name in your memory; you will remember Mr. Jenkins. Then, too, you might quite well make a friend and be the richer for it. Think of this: here is one friendship made without ulterior motives.

In playing this game I have made some surprising discoveries. Once I went into a grocery store, as a salesman,

and, in accordance with my usual custom, I wanted to get the name of the young man in charge of a certain shelf section. I didn't want to ask the man himself, but I didn't mind asking the man who worked at the adjoining shelf.

"I wonder if you would be good enough to tell me the name of that chap over there who is opening that carton?" I asked him.

"Gee, I really don't know," he answered. "We call him 'Shorty' around here."

LATER I found his name when he stamped his time-card on the way out to lunch. Then I quietly investigated and found that these men had worked at adjoining shelves in this store for more than a year. Neither knew the name of the other. That sort of indifference betokens a staggering lack of zeal for the business of living. We are here in this world whether we wish it or not, so why not cram our days full of interesting discoveries? Learning the names of folks is one easily enjoyed.

Try this game at your barbershop. The barber's name is posted on a license near his chair. If you are careful, you can look at it and memorize his name without his noticing it. Do it before you sit down in the chair. Half an hour later when you get up, you can say quite casually, "That was a very good job, Mr. Murray."

You have no idea how pleased Mr. Murray will be.

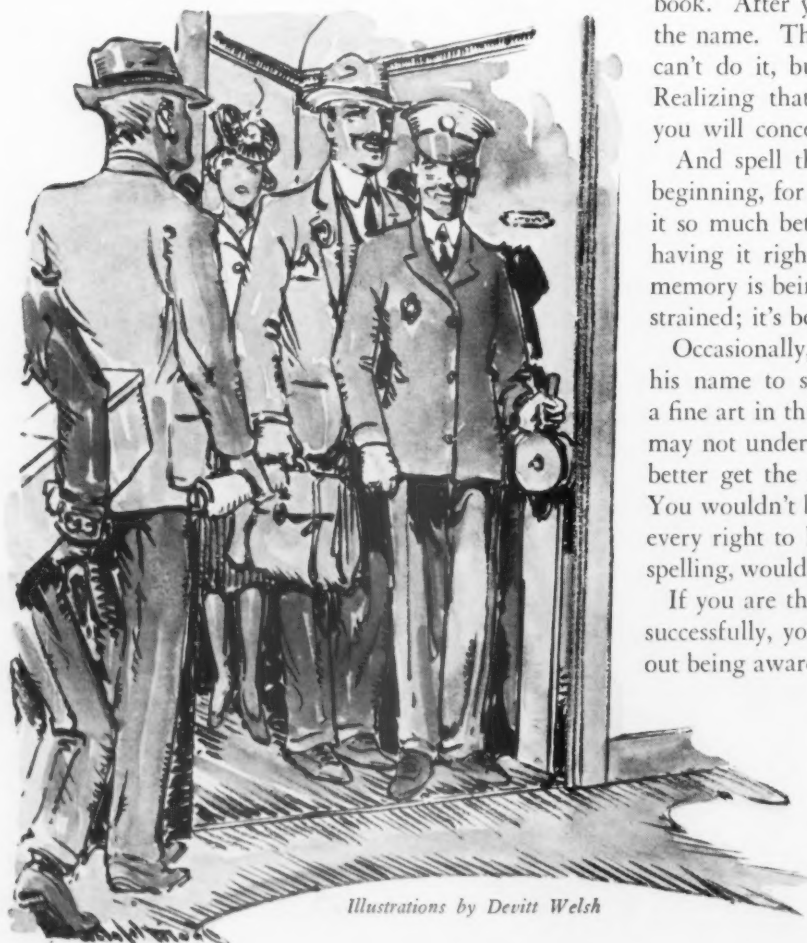
This is all very fine, you say, but suppose you can't remember names. Do this: at the start carry a little notebook. After you leave the scene of action, write down the name. The first time or two you may find that you can't do it, but this trouble will vanish with practice. Realizing that you didn't pay close enough attention, you will concentrate more on remembering it.

And spell the name right. Make that a rule at the beginning, for it really isn't any harder, and people like it so much better when you show them the courtesy of having it right. Don't think for a moment that your memory is being strained by this training. It isn't being strained; it's being trained.

Occasionally, break the rules; sometimes ask a man his name to see if you can do it gracefully. There's a fine art in this. When you hear the name spoken, you may not understand it well enough to spell it. You had better get the spelling, and it will do no harm to ask. You wouldn't be annoyed if a pleasant stranger who had every right to know your name asked you to verify the spelling, would you? Of course not—and neither will he.

If you are the kind of person who can play this game successfully, you will need no more suggestions. Without being aware of it, you will develop your own personality and at the same time widen your contacts with people in all walks of life. Then this game will make of every chance encounter an interesting experience, possibly an adventure.

What a "lift" you give your elevator man when you greet him by name.



Illustrations by Devitt Welsh



Photos by Milwaukee WPA

You *Can* Take It with You

By Joanne Dimmick

ONE last look around—is everything in order, every crisp fold of the hand-blocked drapes hanging straight, every pair of skates fastened together, every doll sitting up prim and pretty? Then you can open the door, and let the children in.

They rush screaming to the center of the room, pause, and then dart for the toy selected half an hour ago from the vantage point of a window. A new Toy Loan Center has been opened in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in a bedlam of joyous shrieks, a whirlwind of delighted sighs, and a storm of cries: "Lady, Mister, can I take this out?"

For the last hour, ever since school let out, the windows have been dark with eager faces pressed against the glass into the wonderland, and all the while the children on the fringe of the crowd have been electrified by the reports of the watchers.

"Roller skates! Lookit all the roller skates!"

"Tricycles!"

"Games!"

"Doll buggies and dolls!"

And all theirs for the taking. The methods of the Toy Loan Center are no mystery to Milwaukee children. They know that their parents must sign an application

Dolls, wagons, games, and roller skates for children to use *free* in their own homes... that's the worthy purpose of a Toy Center.

card which is filed at the Toy Loan Center, enabling a child to borrow every three days a toy which may be kept a week and renewed for a second. And they know that even if something happens to the toy, no one who is sorry will be punished for breaking or losing it.

So now they surge around the Toy Loan attendant, a cheerful Pied Piper in a business suit, and tug at the smocks worn by his assistants, clamoring for the magic application cards.

Sometimes when a Center is opened, there are speeches, and a program arranged by the mothers and fathers of the neighborhood, but usually the children are too thrilled at the thought of the gay little room they will visit tomorrow and many days after, to listen to speeches of gratitude from their elders. Visionary sugarplums don't dance through their heads, but playthings in the incredible profusion of a Toy Loan Center do.

The idea of Toy Loan Centers, in the United States at least, originated, they say, in a Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, alley. The first step in organizing city-wide Toy Loans

was made in Los Angeles, California, in 1936. Under the guidance of that city's Juvenile Court, through the probation department, Coördinating Councils* were formed to sponsor and establish Toy Lending Centers for the city's underprivileged children. Details filtered through to Milwaukee the following year.

Los Angeles uses WPA (Work Projects Administration) workers for personnel in its Toy Loan branches, of which there are now about 30, and the Wisconsin WPA, eager as is every State to find more ways of employing men and women, adopted the idea with alacrity. Mrs. Harriet Clinton, director of the Women's and Professional's Division of Milwaukee County, proposed the plan to the County Board of Supervisors, 17 gentlemen to whom the county's progress is highly desirable, and to the Milwaukee Juvenile Court, in the persons of Judge August E. Braun and Mrs. Helene Lange, probation of-

* See *Coordinating to Beat the Devil*, by K. J. Scudder, September, 1937, *ROTARIAN*.

ficer. With their endorsement, the Toy Loan project was inaugurated in February, 1938, with 60 workers assigned to the eighth floor of Milwaukee's Courthouse, where other WPA projects were already underway.

The Toy Loan at once began an indiscriminate attack on all the toy-crowded attics of Milwaukee. To the ardent Toy Loan worker, every householder is a potential donor to the Toy Loan; every housewife with grown children is a toy hoarder. Conscious as never before of streets full of children in need of toys, the Toy Loan workers did not let lack of precedent hinder them. Explaining their purpose to any who would listen, they began to collect used toys. Within two months, schools, clubs, families, civic and industrial groups, and even the children themselves had contributed enough toys to stock a center. A repair shop was set up in the office.

Room for the first Toy Loan Center was found in the McGeough Building, in Milwaukee's Third Ward, a ward always crowded and swarming with children who, as is usual with city children, were in need of directed play to take the place of doubtful types of recreation.

School children present a fresh entertainment problem every afternoon. Gone with the pasture and the woods are the days when children could safely be sent out to play. The gang offers companionship and excitement. Taunting a cop for the thrilling illusion of danger and the consequent triumph of escape when he pursues are the after-school amusement of many children. By providing toys and play equipment, the Toy Loan is helping parents, children, and the police department to avoid many an embarrassing episode.

It is the belief of the probation department that Toy Loan Centers in high-delinquency areas have brought about a remarkable change in the interests of the younger generation of Milwaukeeans. Children who have suffi-

For seven days this grinning "customer" and his pup will "own" the automobile (left) selected from the Toy Center. . . . Choosing a toy is serious business (lower left), but a peek through the window helps (below).



cient toys for their free time are not likely to roam the streets looking for amusement, nor will they visit the 10-cent stores in gangs to raid the counters. Balls, skates, scooters, wagons, tricycles from the Toy Loan Centers take them instead to Milwaukee's famous parks during their leisure hours.

Milwaukee, a city of foundries and factories, has attracted thousands of workers from various European countries. According to W. G. Bruce, Milwaukee editor, historian, and publisher, at one time the city had more Germans than the average city of Germany; at present there is an exceptionally large percentage of persons of Polish birth living in Milwaukee; two-thirds of the population of Milwaukee, according to Mr. Bruce, can speak a language other than English. Germans and Poles are not the only nationalities to be found in Milwaukee. There are Hungarians, Slavs, Bohemians, Italians, Englishmen, and Swedes, retaining to a great extent their original culture patterns and folkways. As a means of establishing sympathy and understanding among these Americans, the Toy Loan Centers offer their children toys, which have a universal appeal, and the opportunity for group play centered on such playthings as footballs and baseball equipment. All children have equal rights and are welcome at Toy Loan Centers.

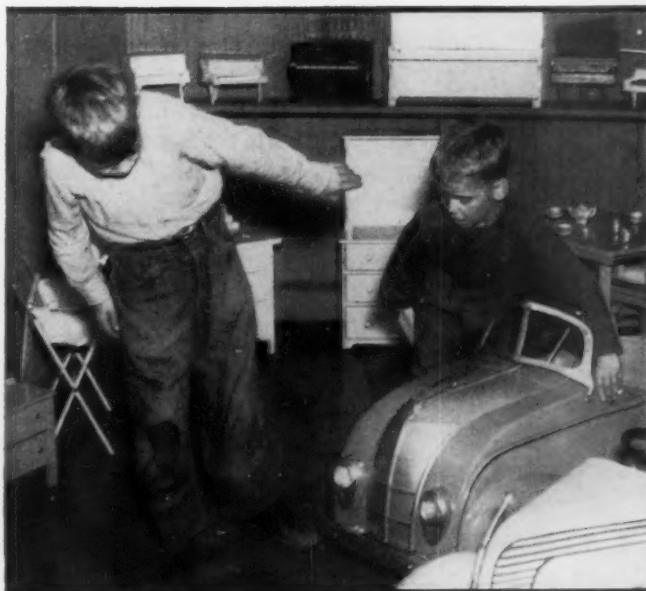
By the end of the Summer vacation in 1938, Milwaukee children had six Toy Loan Centers; at the end of the year there were ten. At the end of October, 1939, there were 15 centers, which had made 310,000 loans to 25,000 subscribers. The Toy Loan attendants had achieved a place of respect and prestige among the children. Teachers who had despaired of teaching Johnny the rule of three found that he studied better when he'd had an hour or two speeding up and down the street on a Toy Loan scooter. Irresponsible Eloise stopped losing her books

when she learned that carelessness with Toy Loan toys meant a firm withdrawal of the borrowing privilege. Care of the property of others is a salutary lesson to be learned by Toy Loan borrowers.

The operation of a Toy Loan Center requires much more than the ability to chat with children without self-consciousness or the dreadful coy garrulity which makes reserved children feel superior and bores them all. Small talk is necessary, but the Toy Loan assistant must also be able to judge a child's choice of toys and to direct him to more satisfying ones if he notices a tendency to return toys before the end of the three-day minimum period. He learns to listen for the salutation "Mister," and to look for new ways to please his small clients; he must deal wisely with the woeful child who brings back a broken toy, and sternly with the neighborhood bully who insists on nothing but the best and biggest toy.

Weekly meetings of the Toy Loan attendants from the Centers permit them to discuss methods of procedure, to make suggestions to the director, and to exchange anecdotes. Workers on Toy Loan projects have an attitude

Two young motorists debate the merits of the streamlined autos they may take home with them (below). . . . Craftsmen (right) make old toys look new. . . . A sewing machine interests the "ladies" (below right).



differing from that often attributed to those in WPA work; they take a real and essential interest in the progress of Toy Loan, because they have the assurance of psychologists and educators that they are helping make better men and women out of Milwaukee's children. They feel properly triumphant when they can find something to satisfy a child who sees the toy on which he has set his heart going out the door under the arm of the patron of the Toy Loan who was just a few moments ahead of him. The men and women in charge of the Centers know that theirs is a position of trust and of real rewards, for they have the friendship of hundreds of boys and girls, and they are forestalling truancy, petty thievery, and the inexplicable feelings of inadequacy which prompt children to misbehave.

Ingenuity in securing sites for Toy Loan Centers was necessary at first, until the recreation rooms of various park field houses were made available, but with the approach of cold weather the heating problem and the fact that skaters would require the field houses made the Toy Loan workers look with an appraising eye at every vacant house and store.

An inspiration saved workers the trouble of making one shelter. They were offered a vacant gasoline-service station, provided with washroom and stove. The washroom is a necessary part of every Center, for each toy must be washed and sterilized after it has been borrowed. For this reason, only waterproof toys are used; dolls are shel-lacked so traces of buttered kisses and adoring, but grimy, small hands can be washed off.

A year ago last August the Toy Loan's headquarters were moved from the Courthouse to a narrow, three-story building in the old part of town, where repair shop, office, and the original McGeough Center are now housed under one roof. To this building the toys collected through women's clubs, professional organizations, theater drives, homes, churches, schools, and stores are brought to be mended, painted, and numbered before they are distributed by truck to the Centers.

The first floor houses the doll-repair shop, where women, trained in plaster modelling, sewing, and painting, mend the battered "babies" and dress them in clothes made on styles similar to little-girl dresses. Buttons and snaps are large enough for childish fingers to handle, and dresses and coats open down the front, so that by dressing her doll a little girl can learn the art of dressing herself.

The second floor is the paint shop, and here colors to delight a van Gogh are applied with weighty decision to small autos and large hobbyhorses, doll cribs, and

wheeled toys, for every toy is painted to look like new, and color combinations are the result of consultation with the foreman and neighbors at the painting table. These WPA workers are not a restful lot; they plead for an extra half hour to finish the doll buggy or the scrolled name on the side of a coaster wagon. This workshop and the doll-repair shop below and the toy-repair shop above are even more cheerful than Walt Disney's mine of the seven dwarfs, and the whistling that goes on is gayer than *Hi Ho*, for a snatch of Mozart mingles with the latest of Artie Shaw, while the piles of broken toys diminish and the paint dries on those that are ready to go out to the Centers.

The workshop on the third floor mends every broken toy. There are no large machines; the men work at benches where they mend toys with ingenuity, patience, and the simple tools of their own trades.

On the first floor the art department and on the second floor the offices and the promotion department unite to make Milwaukee Toy Loan-conscious. A year of working with Toy Loan has made these men and women avid students of child psychology; they study reports from the Centers on attendance, frequency of borrowings, popularity of various toys, and they go out with lectures and come back with donations of toys.

So far the success of the Toy Loan has depended on two things: on its appeal to the amateur philanthropist—the man on the street, the housewife with a toy-filled attic—and on its securing for the children of the city a supply of toys and play equipment all year round. The value of its service to the community cannot be measured with a commercial yardstick now, but in years to come it can be gauged, not only in terms of the present happiness of the children, but also as a definite factor in the prevention of juvenile crime. It is a phase of service for which, however, we need not wait for Government to act. Rotary Clubs and other service groups might well turn an interested eye in its direction, for here is definitely a channel through which dividends can be made to flow to their communities in increasing quantity through the years.

They are a brisk and gratifying chapter in our history, these Toy Loan Centers, draped with bright, hand-woven curtains, furnished with maple shelves

and chairs specially designed to give a modern background to the newly finished toys. At Christmas time it is the custom of society to give thought to the underprivileged child, but of that daily hunger for toys which is the lot of countless children in every community, little notice has been taken. To relieve this famine in children's hearts one way has been found. It flourishes in Milwaukee, in Los Angeles, in Chicago, in New York, in Philadelphia. Why not everywhere?



When a toy is selected, it must be checked out on a loan card.

The Gifts of the Magi

By T. H. Alexander

"... and when they had opened their treasures, they [the wise men or Magi] presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. . . ."—Matthew 2:11.



RIDING to his office that crisp December morning, Abe Plough observed from the window of his limousine the crowd in front of the American Savings Bank. It was a huge crowd for Memphis, Tennessee, numbering perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 persons. Some were talking angrily, others stood about in dumb silence. Some clutched checks for the amount of their Christmas-savings deposit in the bank, for it was the second week in December.

As the car slowly made its way through the crowd, Abe Plough could read the sign near the door: *THIS BANK IS CLOSED*. And, in smaller letters: *By Order of the State Banking Department*.

Abe Plough made a wry face. The president of the bank was his father-in-law, Harry Cohn. It was old Mr. Cohn who had objected to Abe's marrying his daughter. Abe, he had said, came from the wrong side of the railroad tracks, from down in Beale Street, where poverty flourished, and he was not worthy to marry into the wealthy Jewish Cohn family. But Abe had married her and had made, in addition, a fortune in cosmetics with some ideas he had brought with him from Beale Street.

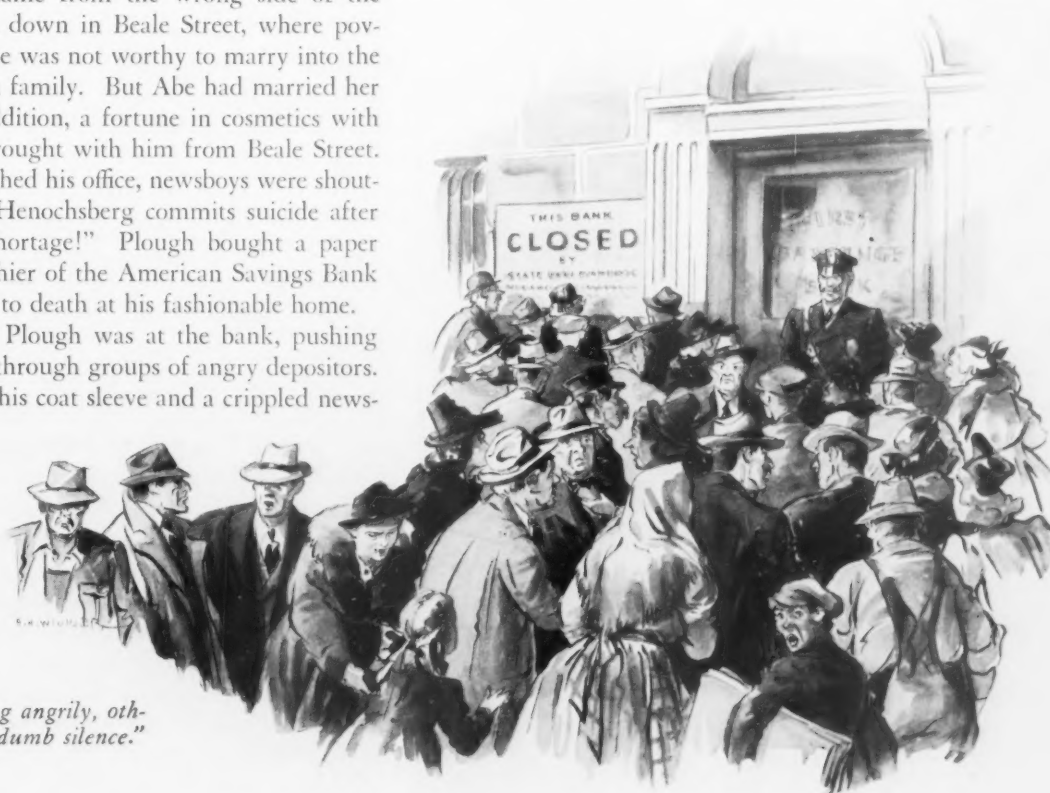
By the time he reached his office, newsboys were shouting, "Extry! Extry! Henochsberg commits suicide after admitting \$300,000 shortage!" Plough bought a paper and read that the cashier of the American Savings Bank had just shot himself to death at his fashionable home.

Five minutes later Plough was at the bank, pushing and shoving his way through groups of angry depositors. Someone clutched at his coat sleeve and a crippled newsboy said, "Gee, Mr. Plough, I had 20 bucks in this bank I'd saved up for Christmas and now they say we'll never get our money. Can't you

do something?" An old woman joined them to bewail the loss of \$40—"all that I had in the world for Christmas." Others came up, knowing Mr. Plough to be the son-in-law of the president of the bank, but he suggested they go home and hope for the best.

Inside the bank all was confusion. Several other officers and employees were under suspicion of the State bank examiners who had taken full charge of the institution. S. S. McConnell, the State superintendent of banks, was there talking with Mr. Cohn, who bore the look of a man in mortal illness, stricken and shocked.

Suddenly the aged bank president slumped to the floor. Abe was by his side in an instant. "Get a doctor," he ordered. A bank examiner telephoned frantically for a physician while they made the old man as comfortable as possible. The doctor came, but Harry Cohn was dead. Heart disease and shock were the diagnosis, but



"Some were talking angrily, others stood about in dumb silence."

Abe Plough knew better. He knew the old man had died of a broken heart amid the ruins of his cherished bank when he found he had been betrayed by men he had trusted.

While they waited for an ambulance, the State superintendent of banks sketched the situation. The bank had been looted—from the inside. The most distressing thing was that the checks to pay off the Christmas-savings accounts had been mailed the night before and it was these 6,000 depositors who were clamoring for their money. Christmas was just two weeks away. There wouldn't be much Christmas for Memphis—at least for a large part of it.

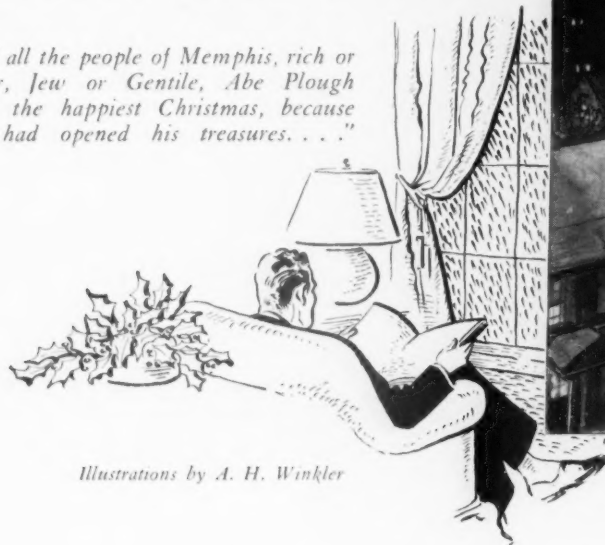
Abe Plough was thinking out loud. "Six thousand depositors. Each depositor has on an average of three kids. Eighteen thousand kids with no Christmas, no toys, no candy, no Santa Claus." Then he asked McConnell:

"Isn't there any possible way in which these Christmas-savings checks can be paid off from the bank's assets?"

McConnell, a conservative official, replied:

"Under the State law we can't possibly make them preferred creditors. And it would be months before we

"Of all the people of Memphis, rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, Abe Plough had the happiest Christmas, because he had opened his treasures. . . ."



Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

could get around to paying them off—Christmas would have come and gone."

"But couldn't someone—someone who wanted to help—cash these checks for these people and then get his money back when the bank is liquidated?"

"Yes, if we could find a Santa Claus who is willing to take that risk," said the superintendent of banks. "But he would not be a preferred creditor—and there is no guaranty that he would ever get his money back."

"What is the amount of these accounts?" asked Plough.

"According to our quick checkup this morning, a few dollars over \$233,000," replied McConnell.

Plough whistled, deep lines creasing his brow. "Folding money," he said, "important money, real dough."

. . . All through the funeral the next day, Abe Plough was thinking . . . thinking about those 18,000 kids who weren't going to have any Christmas. "Peace on earth,

goodwill to men." Yet he was a Jew, whose race didn't even celebrate Christmas and perhaps not 1 percent of the depositors were Jewish. But still. . . .

The next day he had a plan. When it became known, the three newspapers of Memphis toasted him to the skies. The *Commercial Appeal* compared him editorially to Abou ben Adhem, whose name led all the rest in the book of life. Plough called in his good friends Fred Goldsmith, of Goldsmith's department store; Hardwig Peres, a fine old Jewish philanthropist; Lloyd Binford, the head of an insurance company, and Bernard Cohn,



son of the president of the now-closed bank.

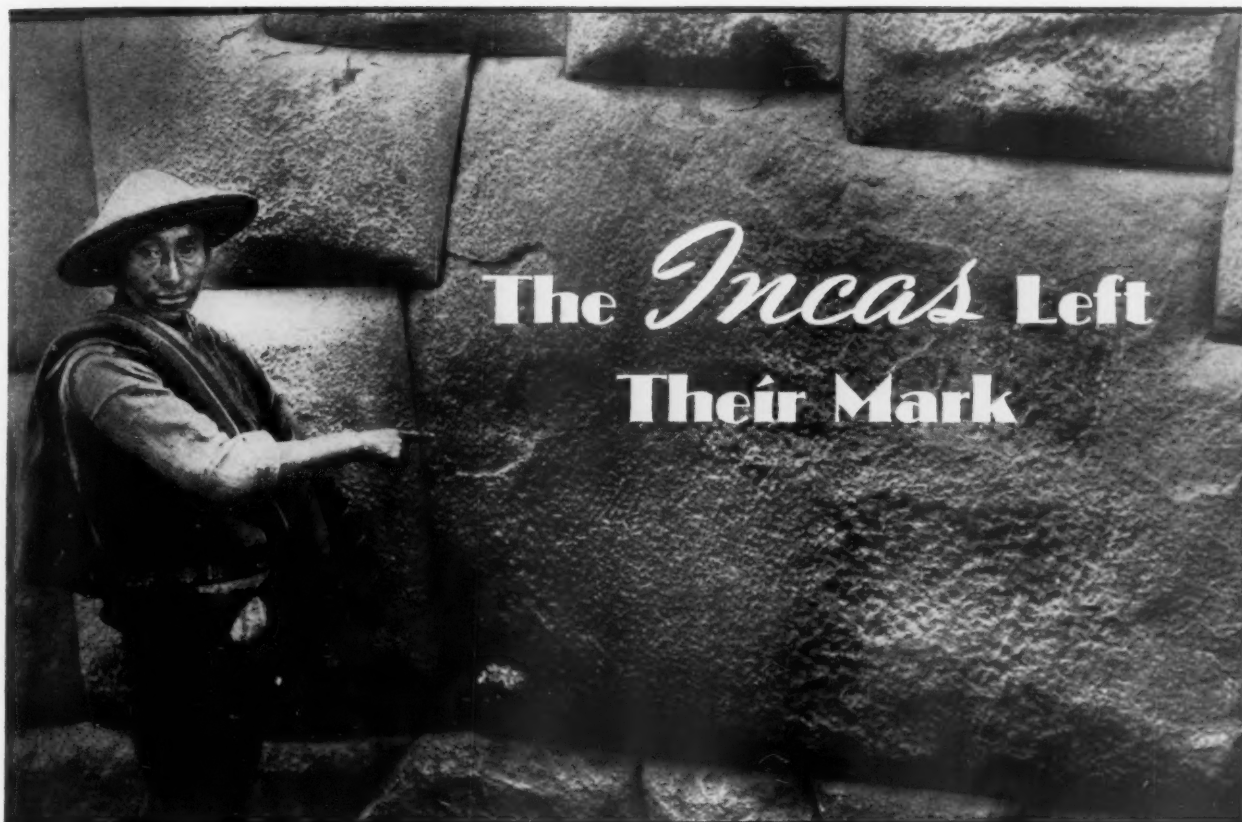
To these Abe Plough outlined his plan.

He would personally put up \$233,000 in cash

if these men would sponsor the plan and act as a committee to see that the Christmas-savings checks were cashed. Then he would take his place among the common creditors of the bank. There were no strings to the offer. If the workout was successful, the money would be recovered later; if the bank was in worse condition than appeared, there would be a thumping loss.

To the wild acclaim of the Memphis press, the plan was put into effect. Six thousand happy depositors trooped in to get their money for Christmas. A long time later Abe Plough had recovered most of his money—all but \$40,000 which he hasn't received and never will, because the bank didn't pay out.

And of all the people of Memphis, rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, Abe Plough had the happiest Christmas, because he had opened his "treasures . . . presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."



FRANCISCO PIZARRO'S conquest of the empire ruled by the Incas is one of the great adventure stories of all time. By skilful strategy and with a handful of soldiers, he subdued a nation which extended from Quito, Ecuador, to the River Maule in Chile. He established Spanish rule and civilization in the Andes in 1533.

Thus, perhaps the most spectacular native civilization of the New World, one which had started to flourish 400 years before, came to an abrupt ending. Without metal tools the Incas had built great buildings. Their craftsmen were artists in using gold and silver. Their weaving excites awed admiration.

Yet their most astounding genius was in government. Under the Incas, the life of every person was regulated from birth to death, albeit benevolently. Some worked at agriculture, and the crops were distributed among all the people. Likewise the products of the craftsmen were shared where needed.

Good roads linked all parts of the empire, and runners carried messages swiftly over regular routes. Sun worship was the Incas' religion, and many of their conquests were in the spirit of a crusade. Never, however, did the Incas have a written language.

Great ruins recall past achievements (note two pages following), and Inca blood today still courses in the veins of many Peruvians.

The famous hand-shaped stone of the 12 corners (above) in Cuzco, Peru, is called a perfect example of Inca dry masonry. . . . Sun worship at an ancient shrine (right).

Photos: (above) Chambi from Sawders; (below) Sawders





Photo: Shipvan from Sawdiers



In the high peaks of the Andes is the Great Wall of Peru (above), built by the Chimú, who preceded the Incas, to protect southern boundaries from invaders.

Ancient Peruvian artists were adept in silver and gold, and pottery. Almost all the precious-metal works of art were taken by the Spanish conquerors and melted down. But the pottery gives scientists the key to many secrets, for each group's designs are distinctive. The pieces shown (left) are examples of Chimú portrait jars. Most Inca pottery was of a more practical and less artistic nature.



Weaving in Peru before the Spanish Conquest was of a fine quality, considered by some never to have been surpassed. Threads were spun from cotton or llama wool. Weaving was done on a loom similar to one shown below. . . . An Indian shows how to wear a hand-woven poncho (right).

Photos: (left and right) Kurt Severin from Black Star





Photos: (above) Ewing Galloway; (below) Shipvan from Sawders

A few centuries ago, Machu Picchu (above) was a thriving Inca capital. It was strongly fortified, and had temples, palaces, and astronomical observatories. So hidden were the ruins that they were not discovered until 1913. . . . Irrigation and terracing (below), expertly engineered, turned rugged slopes of the Andes into farmlands in Inca and pre-Inca times.





Photos Acme, Lewis Hine, Ewing Galloway, Stewart Warner. Illustrated Daily News

But— Crime Does Pay!

Says John C. Duvall

WHenever the suicide of a Coster-Musica, the killing of a Dillinger, or the imprisonment of a Capone is dramatically announced, the average citizen feels that crime has been dealt a body blow. In righteous satisfaction he views it as more evidence of the generally accepted idea that "crime does not pay." He then goes about his daily toil in blissful complacency until a new Public Enemy No. 1 is captured and provides additional support for the principle.

Many people actually believe in the "doesn't pay" doctrine—and the rest of us "good" citizens would surely like to. When viewed realistically, however, it becomes just platitudinous nonsense. *Crime does pay . . .* and so does the public.

Crime is without doubt America's biggest, most profitable business. It is the most highly organized and the most thoroughly efficient of the nation's industries. Its enormous profits make great legitimate businesses look insignificant by comparison.

The automobile industry is one of the country's largest, but not everyone buys a car. The motion-picture business is a colossal enterprise, but every man, woman, and child does not attend the movies every day. No legitimate business has a monopoly on our patronage—but *not one person can avoid making a contribution to the crime industry.*

As victims of crime and as taxpayers attempting to repress it, the people of the United States pay out more than 15 billion dollars annually. This amount is about one-fourth of the country's total national income for 1938. One earned dollar out of every four is offered as a tribute to the army of criminals! Crime costs each person about \$120 per annum, far exceeding the cost of education in all its branches. The annual cost of crime exceeds the combined annual incomes of the 30 largest manufacturing, commercial, and industrial enterprises in the United States. Costs include direct losses due to robbery, theft, property destruction, etc., as well as costs of police protection, court machinery, and the maintenance of penal systems. Indirect costs include burglar alarms, theft insurance, armored cars, and other devices designed to prevent losses and to discourage crime.

There are also great intangible costs, including the suffering of victims, bitterness, hatred, and loss of respect. Moral and spiritual values are adversely affected by crime, and the general well-being of society is impaired while crime exists.

Beyond its financial aspects, some idea of the magni-

- The monster, crime, with tentacles stretching into the pocketbook of every citizen, extracts tribute of 15 billion dollars annually in the United States. That crime does pay is shown in this first article of a series on this nation's "biggest business." In forthcoming issues, other aspects of crime will be discussed. Reader comment will be welcomed.—Eds.

tude of the crime industry is gained from knowing the number of persons engaged in this "vocation." While it is obviously impossible to determine exactly how many criminals there are in the United States, conservative estimates put the number at 3 million. The Federal Bureau of Investigation sets the number at over 4 million.

Only about 250,000—say one-twelfth of the total—are behind the bars of penal institutions. The number of criminals apprehended, tried, convicted, and incarcerated is rather insignificant. Considering the ratio of criminals at large to those who "get caught," the figures show that "getting away with it" (even murder) is not so difficult as to prove discouraging to the criminally inclined. With about 12,000 unjustifiable homicides in the United States every year, the number of murderers annually executed averages slightly over 100. The duration of the "life" sentence is about eight years, and a "bargain" plea of guilty of manslaughter often means eligibility for parole in one year.

An unbelievably small percentage of the felonies committed each year are followed by arrest, conviction, and punishment of the offender. Thus only a small number of criminals encounter serious police interference. The true significance of this is apparent when one learns that many prisoners are moronic, epileptic, feeble-minded, neurotic, insane, or bungling amateurs without money, political influence, or the "right" kind of friends.

THE highly publicized "public enemy," who fires the imagination, is neither the real menace nor the greatest crime problem. The important "public enemies" are not the Dillingers, Nelsons, Karpises, and Capones. These poor dupes are merely collectors for the highly organized crime combine. They are the "cats' paws" who get burned in pulling the luscious chestnuts from the fire that feed the real public enemies: the leeches who fatten on other peoples' crimes and sell the "protection" which makes them possible. Karpis and Capone* are in prison, Nelson and Dillinger are dead. Crime did not pay them—but their careers did pay those whom they paid.

Those who reap the rewards of crime are usually far removed from such sordidities as the blowing of a safe, the pulling of a trigger, or the operation of a "horse room." Seldom if ever do their names appear on court records or their portraits in rogues' galleries. Far from such sinister associations the able executives of the crime combine are often regarded as citizens of substance whose integrity is beyond question.

A mayor or even a governor may owe his high place to a political machine supported in part by the crime combine. Whenever the "lid blows off" in any large



* Capone scheduled to be released November 19, 1939.—THE EDITORS.

city, the "cleanup" may disclose the workings of the underworld organization. "Little black boxes" are found; officials, great and small, are found to have bank accounts far greater than their legitimate incomes permit. Professional talent parasitical upon crime and racketeering may also be smoked out: lawless lawyers who can "fix" things; district attorneys who will "bargain"; police officials who can be "seen"; justices who will "listen"; bail bondsmen who know the "right" people; jurymen who can be "approached"; politicians who will "suggest"—all these services being done for a "fee." Crime pays the fee and supports this corruption. In return, the corruption supports crime—because *crime pays*.

So crime marches on, and the suicide of a Coster-Musica, the killing of a Dillinger, or the imprisonment of a Capone has no more effect on the crime combine than the death of a mail carrier on the continuity of the postal service. Such are trifling incidents, offering slight interruption, and serving mainly to promote greater caution and more efficiency in crime technique.

Edward J. Hines, political protector of the policy racket in New York City, is duly tried, convicted, and sentenced. Pending an appeal he is remanded to the Tombs and placed in cell 213. The next day No. 213 is the most popular number of New York's policy exchange. Here is trite evidence of the virility of organized crime. Other illustrations, of course, might be given ad infinitum.

The question now arises, why don't they do something about it? The answer is "they" do, but mostly the wrong thing. Laws and methods designed to cope with crime are archaically unscientific. While modern science has given mankind an astonishing control over physical nature, it has not given him control over himself and the problems of human relationships. This lack of control over "human nature" is tragically inexcusable, for there is now available valid knowledge in the "science of human behavior," derived from psychology, sociology, and allied studies. Applying scientific techniques should result in as great a control over crime as similar approaches have resulted in controlling infectious diseases.

With the exception of crime detection, but little science is being employed in dealing with the problem. Present programs and methods—a jumbled variety, ranging all the way from barbaric "treat 'em rough" ideas, typified by the "steam cooking" of convicts in "Klondike" cells, to the attitudes of "sob sisters" who willy-nilly claim all criminals are misunderstood and unjustly oppressed—are decidedly ineffectual.

Neither the rough treatment of criminals nor the giv-

ing of endless new chances will operate to decrease crime. It's like beating typhoid patients and weeping over corpses to prevent typhoid epidemics. No, the cause must be found and removed.

Crime is but an illegal form of human behavior. Human behavior is caused. Crime is merely symptomatic of conditions which breed criminals. The scientific treatment of crime, therefore, calls for an understanding of and a control over these conditions. Crime indicates social maladjustment, conditions under which it is difficult or impossible for many individuals to adapt themselves to social requirements, as expressed in the law.

More specifically, crime may indicate why the criminal fails to measure up to social standards. An unlawful act may symptomize feeble-mindedness, poor health, malnutrition, or some other abnormal mental or physical condition. Or crime may be symptomatic of objective conditions which forestall the development of good character. Broken homes, congested slum areas in cities, lack of playgrounds and youth clubs, lack of property education and religious training—these are examples.

Consider such antisocial influences as honky-tonk dance halls, slot machines, gambling joints—these loom large in developing criminal character. Crime also is symptomatic of political corruption, and it indicates inefficiency of the courts, police, and agencies vested with

its repression. Criminal statistics reflect the failure of the prison system and the "reform" school.

Perhaps most important of all, crime symptomizes economic chaos. Much if not most crime has its roots in the failure of the economic system to afford security. Opportunity for honest employment for all would be the greatest crime preventive. Any society failing to offer honest work for all who want it is inviting—in fact, making necessary—dishonest employment or crime.

It is impossible to foresee a utopian society absolutely free from lawlessness. But the existence of crime on a grandiose scale clearly indicates that methods of dealing with the problem are a failure. Crime exists to the extent that techniques used to

combat it are inadequate. In general, any society deserves the crime it has, and has crime it deserves. A realization of the gravity of the problem and a determination on the part of aroused citizens are fundamental in ridding the nation of the crime blight.

Meanwhile, *crime pays*—and so does the public.



Courtesy, S. J. Ray and Kansas City Star

A new name is added, or, as Cartoonist Ray describes it, "A New Aristocracy."

When Words Change Worlds

By Wouter Van Garrett

ROLLING DOWN the highway not so long ago, a certain vacation-bent family suddenly noticed a car behind them. For 40 or 50 miles it trailed them, finally pulling into the same service station at which they had stopped. Emerging from his car, the motorist spoke to the driver of the first car.

"I've been trailing you for about an hour, and I was pleased with the kind of driving you do," he said. "I want to congratulate you upon being one of the finest drivers I've met in many a day. We've been through some mighty heavy traffic, but you handled your car beautifully. You're a safe driver."

Speechless, the complimented driver gaped as the stranger stepped back into his car and drove off. But that unexpected praise did something to him—gave him something to live up to. Now when he feels the urge to beat the lights, "hog" the road, pass on a hill, he recalls the stranger's words, "You're a safe driver."

He has begun to notice other drivers—the good drivers as well as those at whom he once sneered and raged as they sneered and raged at him. And he takes time to say to good drivers, "You're a safe driver." They gape at him just as he had gaped at the stranger, but he feels that they have caught the idea—and will pass it on.

This unique approach works in other places as well as on highways. Called to a church facetiously termed "the refrigerator," a minister decided against censuring or berating the congregation for its indifference to strangers. He thought of a better procedure. He began to welcome visitors from the pulpit and, gradually, to tell them what a friendly church it was. Sunday after Sunday he held up a picture of the church—not as it was, but as he planned that it should become.

The congregation thawed, for he had given it something to live up to—and a possibility became a reality. Two years later a large sign in front of the church proclaimed that it was "The Friendly Church," and it was. Today no stranger leaves it without a cordial welcome and a sincere invitation to return. Praise transformed the ice-cube members into warm-hearted human beings.

Emphasis upon the bright side rather than the dark side of the situation has had much to do with the success of many a marriage. One young husband deeply in love with his wife soon discovered that she was a miserable housekeeper. When he came home in the evening, he found dirty dishes stacked in the sink, newspapers strewn over the floor, the entire house in disorder, but he neither complained nor protested. Instead he found something—at least one thing—to praise each night.

Soon he began to notice an improvement. Continuing to praise her, he made it a point to stress indirectly mat-

ter needs something to live up to—not something to live down. A bit of praise costs nothing, but the results may bulk large.

ters which needed attention. And day after day she had something to live up to—words of commendation to which to look forward. Destructive criticism might have overwhelmed her, but genuine appreciation made a different woman of her. Now when that young man comes home from work, he no longer finds his wife with her hair uncombed or in a soiled dress, for she is one of the tidiest women anywhere. Praise built a happy home where blame would have left two broken hearts.

Who does not recall harum-scarum Tommy—that "Jones' boy"? His father, unable to "break" his "ornery" son's will, predicted that he would come to "no good end." Some teachers called him a problem child, but one didn't. If she thought he was a potential criminal or likely to become one of society's derelicts, she never said so. When she caught him drawing cartoons instead of isosceles triangles, she didn't upbraid him. She encouraged him to develop his drawing ability, and he did.

Where is Tommy today? He's a success in his work and a leader in his community. Many another man owes his success and happiness to a Sunday-school teacher, a Scoutmaster, a coach, or someone else who helped him to discover his possibilities. Praise opened doors to opportunity which blame would have slammed shut.

LITTLE Elsa, pale and shrinking, was the opposite of harum-scarum Tommy. Little more than a walking inferiority complex, she went unnoticed except by those who either scorned or intimidated her. Then a distant aunt came to live with her and, upon meeting her, said to Elsa, "What beautiful eyes you have!" The shy little girl never had associated beauty with herself; the very thought was like discovering a new world.

Her aunt didn't stop there. She continued to take an inventory of the positive rather than the negative qualities, indirectly guiding little Elsa into experiences that would help her to overcome her sensitivity and fear. To renew one's faith in himself is to perform miracles.

Give people something to live up to—not something to live down! There's a policy that works in friendship and marriage, in the classroom and in the office, on all the wide highways and narrow detours of life. Commend virtue, and you will find few vices to condemn. Say to a man, "You're a safe driver!" and he'll drive safely. Tell your wife that her biscuits melt in your mouth and she won't serve you scorched beans very often. Blame ties a millstone about a man's neck; praise hitches his wagon to a star.

The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

Rotary Needed Now as Never

THIS report on Rotary in a world at war must open as did those in the October and November issues: There is still no news from Poland, no word from or about any Rotarian, Rotary Officer, or Rotary Club in Poland. The only Polish Rotarians on whose status Rotary's Central Office has received any report are those few who entered other countries. Rotary Clubs in some of the neighbor States to which they fled are helping them with small loans for new clothes, with employment and travel problems, and with the anxious task of trying to establish connection between them and members of their scattered families.

From the rest of the Rotary world, however, ample reports come almost daily—bringing poignant pictures of what war means to communities, families, and Rotary fellowships. Yet almost all conclude that never did Rotarians need Rotary more, never did Rotary Clubs have heavier responsibilities to their communities. Let us sample a few of them.

France. Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, President of Rotary International in 1937-38, reports that he is in London serving as a member of a French economic mission. His three sons-in-law and his three nephews, he says, are at the front.

Governor Louis Renard, of District 47, and Governor Charles Jourdan-Gassin, of District 48, have been mobilized. The former will be able to continue his work as Governor, though, as lieutenant in control of two regions, he has had to move to another city. In a *Monthly Letter* to his Clubs he said:

In calmness and dignity, and with the profound conviction that they were leaving to defend a noble idea of liberty, our children have departed for the frontier. We knew how to hide our tears and our despair. The only thing remaining for us to do is to gather our will together to be worthy of them.

Specifying, suggesting possible services he said:

I point out to you that, since we all are active in businesses or professions, as a result of the departure of the head of the family, the material situation of those who remain at home

may be gravely compromised. I know of some of our members who have left home as simple soldiers or as noncommissioned officers, and for whom the problem of daily bread for wife and children is a real anguish. I count on your tact and your good heart to do what should be done.

The Rotary Club of Strasbourg is probably the only Club in France that has had to abandon its meetings because of the war. This was necessary, presumably, because of the evacuation of the city which lies so close to the scene of action on the Western Front.

What mobilization meant to one French Rotarian is told in a letter which appeared recently in the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Paris. It was from Maurice Joseph, of that Club. The following is a free translation:

Dear President:

Like so many others, I left immediately and without delay after having tried to put my whole business and family life on a war basis in three days. I would not have believed then that I would find myself now, just where I was 25 years ago, after a truce which served for nothing.

Through the moral disorganization which possesses me, as it must all others who think a bit, I feel that Rotary still holds its place, and my occupation, not very absorbing so far, gives me leisure to live mentally with all that is dear to me.

Naturally, I am ignorant of all that is going on outside the Army zone and even to this day I have not had any news of my family. I don't know what has become of my Rotarian friends. . . .

You know how eager one can be for news of all that recalls the good life, which, when too close, one never appreciates enough. . . .

Great Britain. Emergency conditions caused a momentary break in the weekly routine of the Rotary Club of London. "From unavoidable causes," says a recent bulletin of that Club, "we had no Club meeting today—unprecedented in our history. We shall not be misunderstood if we say that caused us more distress than the declaration of war." A subsequent issue of the bulletin gives a clue to the spiritual trial war is for earnest men:

There are episodes in a great national emergency which constantly close the ranks of comradeship—and these of necessity find a ready response in Rotary.

The first council meeting opened under the shadow of a whisper that the *Courageous* had gone down. There was a

very sad pause—no words, but desperate, sad hearts. It will be a lasting memory that out of this silence came the quiet words of the President to "proceed with the agenda"; all honor to him.

Perhaps the obvious reflection to a Rotarian is that these men whom we love most of all, our countrymen, have shown us indeed how to put service above self. The German submarine may also have found its doom. May not these men have been guided by the same rule? It is all desperately sad.

But throughout Rotary in Great Britain the cry is: "Carry on!" "We as Rotarians ought not to put on 'sackcloth and ashes,'" the editor of the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Ilford enjoins his fellow members, "but, in the language understood by many of us a generation ago, 'Carry on, Sergeant-Major!' should be our motto in these 'blackout' days."

An "angle" on the war situation that holds special interest for all Rotarians whether in belligerent nations or in neutral countries close to the scene of war operations or far removed is that pointed up in a recent issue of the publication of the Rotary Club of Hull:

There are the fortunes of war and there are the misfortunes of the few. A great deal is being done to prevent the "fortunes" from growing during wartime out of the misfortunes of the many. And a broad hint has been dropped that Rotary, with its high standards of business morality, might in an official way act as watch dogs against profiteering. The originators of this hint did not suggest that there was any likelihood of Rotarians themselves indulging in this wartime vice. We are glad to think that such a suggestion could not be and was not made. But it is true that Rotarians with their wide commercial interests might have a very strong influence in checking profiteering which threatens to arise in many forms. This would be a really valuable piece of social service in wartime.

BELGIUM. Shipwreck was the lot of J. De Roeck, of the Rotary Club of Antwerp, Belgium. He was returning home from a trip to New York City (where the Rotary Club had given him a souvenir for his Club) when his steamer, the *S. S. Alex Van Opstal*, hit a mine off the English Coast. After describing the sinking, he told his fellow members: "I am sorry that it is impossible for me to transmit to you this souvenir, for it remains at the bottom of the ocean."

District Governor Paul Erculisse told his fellow Rotarians of Brussels at a recent meeting:

It is evident that Rotary does not attempt to exert any influence on the personal opinions of its members. The individual conscience is an inviolable sanctuary and Rotary has always respected freedom of opinion. Furthermore, it is not only a right but a duty to have an opinion and a judgment on current events.

But aside from this attitude, which concerns only the individual conscience, there are collective duties arising from the fact that we are loyal Belgian citizens as well as Rotarians.

Switzerland. "Twenty to 50 percent of the Rotarians in our Clubs are mobilized," reports District Governor T. M. Bruggisser in his *Monthly Letter*. "In some instances, the entire Board of Directors is mobilized, and it is natural that in the first moment a complete crippling

of Rotary life occurred." But indications now are that all Clubs in Switzerland are meeting regularly and that they are helping to solve some of the distressing problems arising from repatriation of Swiss citizens, Rotarians' businesses left managerless by mobilization, etc.

Sweden. District Governor Edward W. Peyron reports a keener interest in Rotary than ever despite the toll mobilization has taken in Club memberships. The bulletin of the Rotary Club of Göteborg urges members to work for peace, to prevent politics from disturbing the Club's solidarity.

Denmark. Rotary extension continues. A new Rotary Club at Grenaa has just been admitted to membership in Rotary International and the groundwork for new Clubs in two more localities has been laid.

Australia. First indication of war's effect upon Rotary in Australia and New Zealand is just now arriving and gives added emphasis to the general conviction that Rotary has more urgent work than ever. Expressing a hope for an early peace, the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Albury, New South Wales, says:

Meantime, it is Rotary's duty to be a rallying post for service. If each Rotarian carries on as usual, is confident, creates confidence in others, and practices highest standard of ethics possible, he will, when the time comes (and may it be very soon), be able to help smooth out the contortions caused by this hideous thing called war. Fellows, now is the time to keep Rotary's flag flying.

New Zealand. Soon after hostilities had begun, David A. Ewen, Governor of the New Zealand and Fiji Rotary District, wrote to the Secretary of Rotary International as follows:

I am afraid the outbreak of war, in which we here and the Empire are involved, will make this a difficult year for Rotary in New Zealand. Perhaps several years will be subjected to stress and strain.

I would like you to assure the President and Directors of Rotary International that we will all do our best in New Zealand to carry on and uphold the standards of Rotary as far as we are able and whatever may betide.

Canada. The Canadian Advisory Committee, with the full approval of Rotary International, has made a plea to Rotary Clubs in Canada to carry on during the period of the national emergency despite possible shrinking of memberships through absence of members on national service. There is no indication that any Canadian Rotary Club will find it necessary to do otherwise.

And so it goes. . . . Rotarians around the world first deeply lamenting the "desperately sad" business and then quickly calling up their own reserves of personal courage for the battle at hand, be its scene a business office, a Rotary Club meeting place, or a trench. Rotary has long said: A Rotarian's first duty is to his country. That duty Rotarians everywhere are now taking special pains to discharge faithfully. But it is axiomatic in Rotary that the better the Rotarian, the better the citizen. That, then, is perhaps the logic back of the world-wide plea for more intense, more earnest Rotary work than ever. The response to that plea has already been given: Rotary is carrying on!



They came to him comfortably fed and well dressed, consulting him in the quiet luxury of his office.

His Biggest Fee

By Clark R. Gilbert

IT WAS not active discontent: rather, a vague unease, a feeling of incompleteness, and a suspicion that life while giving so generously had perhaps withheld the most precious gift of all. What gift? He did not know.

"No doubt," he mused, when the feeling came close enough to the surface of consciousness to be translated into words, "no doubt the best that any of us can do is to reach a convenient compromise and make the most of what we have." And so with a shrug he would dismiss his longing for life's final and most jealously guarded generosity, and would try to be content not to climb the last perilous peaks or to find for himself the shining secret lost behind the ranges. . . .

Of some of these things Dr. Fred J. Adams was uneasily thinking as he sat and toyed with a spoon at the weekly Rotary luncheon. Life, indeed, had been dangerously generous to him. He had won such success as he had hardly dared to hope for professionally, and as an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist his reputation was State-wide. His marriage, too, had been a great success; his wife was a thoroughbred, the daughter of one of the city's foremost bankers, and they had

three lovely children. Among his fellow-townsmen he enjoyed recognition as a congenial companion and a citizen ready to lend his name and support to worthy projects. For what more could he ask? What else was there to want?

He began to hear inwardly, rather than with surface attention, what his neighbor at table, Dan Trippett, was saying: ". . . an appealing little fellow. It would make your heart ache . . ." Dr. Adams was President of the Club. Trippett, head of one of the city's social-service agencies, was the guest speaker. The Doctor forgot to twiddle his spoon and began to ask questions. Doors were opened by Trippett as he talked, strange doors, giving quick glimpses into a world quite unlike the Doctor's own. A world where success did not sit with smugly folded golden wings. What the Doctor heard interested him deeply, as one is interested in hearing about fish that climb trees. It meant nothing to him as a person, of course. Even though the conditions that Trippett mentioned were actually almost next door, he thought of them as distant, remote. And he was always too busy to adventure except vicariously in strange fields. . . .

"If you ever hear of a case where you think I might help," he said, prompted by politeness, "give me a ring." And then he rose to perform the duties of his office, and forgot all about his offer.

But Trippett did not forget. . . .

"Oh," said the busy Doctor, days later, when his phone rang, "yes, Dan, yes, I do remember. . . . You have a patient you would like me to examine? Can't he come to my office? . . . What? Oh, why, yes, I suppose so, yes. . . . All right."

With a shade of annoyance he hung up. He rarely called at the homes of patients. They came to him, as a rule, comfortably fed and well dressed; and in the quiet luxury of his office he found the practice of his profession not only profitable, but harmoniously pleasant, too. Nevertheless, he had not seen how to avoid agreeing when Dan Trippett begged him to go in person to see this afflicted ragamuffin in some God-forsaken corner of the city's dingiest tenement area. It was distasteful, certain to be a nuisance. Oh, well. . . .

They had to climb three flights of gloomy stairs. Vestigial odors of cabbage, bacon, garlic, and steamy washings hung about the dark hallways like ghosts of yesterday's poverty. Trippett turned a knob, opened a door.

"Hello, Frankie!"

The boy was sitting on a bed in a corner of the tiny room, playing with a teddy bear that had long since lost one

eye, both ears, and all hope. "Hello, Mr. Trippett!"

"How are you feeling today?"

"Fine." The voice had a thin, reedy quality, and reminded the Doctor somehow of a blade of grass that has grown under a stone, away from the sun. "Is there somebody with you?"

"Yes, Frankie. I want you to meet Dr. Adams. He will look at your eyes."

"Oh, thank you!" The pale little face turned unseeingly toward the surgeon, and a frail hand was outstretched. "Mother," shyly, "says I could see everything until I was a year old. I'm 6 now."

Professional interest rose to the surface at once. Dr. Adams took charge, and, as well as he could in the hopelessly dingy, poorly lighted room, made an expert examination. When it was finished, he shook his head. "Dan," he said aside to his companion, "it's a terrible risk. Without an operation, the boy will never see at all. With one, there's a possibility that he might; or—he might not."

"Would you operate?"

"I'm willing to chance it."

Trippett eagerly promised to make all arrangements. When? Tomorrow? Good! He suggested ways and means, places. "County Hospital . . . charity ward . . . I'll take him . . . notify his mother, she's a night scrubwoman . . . see that he causes you just as little trouble as possible. . . ."

Dr. Adams scarcely heard. He was looking around the desperate room, with its one-burner gas cookstove, ancient washstand, cracked mirror, one poor rocking chair, curtained shelf for dishes. And in his mind's eye rose the contrasting picture of his own home of easy comfort, where nothing was missing . . . that is, *almost* nothing. "Dan," he said abruptly, "I'll take full charge myself."

So on the following afternoon little blind Frankie looked strange and tiny lying on the table among figures austere, robed in white, rubber gloved, masked to the eyes—in the operating room of the finest *private* hospital in the city. Word had gone round that Dr. Adams was going to perform a dangerous eye operation, and several interns and other doctors were present. But it was not of them the famous surgeon thought that day, nor was it their approval he craved. A deeper human appeal had reached his heart. He wanted only one thing, desper-

ately—namely, that light should once more carry its interrupted messages to the little boy's brain: yes! he felt that he wanted that as in these later years he had almost forgotten how to want anything. . . .

The operation did not take long. When it was finished, Frankie, his eyes covered with bandages that were to remain in place for two weeks, was wheeled back to the private room (no charity ward!) which the Doctor had ordered and was paying for out of his own pocket: and there, waiting for her boy, was his humbly dressed mother, who was to have the other bed in the room so as to be near the patient day and night. Unknown to her, Dr. Adams had arranged with her employer to pay her wages himself in order that she might have a month's vacation.

Days passed. The patient's thin cheeks began to round out a little on good hospital food and care. And when the bandages were removed, it was found that the operation had been a complete success. Light passed to the optic nerve uninterrupted. Frankie, for the first time in five years, turned his face to the strange wonderful world and saw it clear. At first it was too much for him to comprehend. But when the wonder had passed a little, and the bandages

were restored lest too much light pass suddenly into his unaccustomed eyes, he lay back on his pillows grinning happily. "I can see!" he cried. "I can see!" His mother, tears unchecked in her eyes, held the boy's tiny hand in her own and said:

"Doctor, we have nothing. We can never pay—"

"Mother!"

"Yes, Frankie?"

"The Doctor knows we haven't any money. But I have this. I want him to take it." Into the Doctor's hands, so deft in the operating room, but awkward and fumbling now, the boy thrust his precious one-eyed teddy bear. . . .

There is a glass cabinet on a table in the private office of Dr. Fred J. Adams, famous surgeon, and in it in solitary state you may see that battered old teddy bear today, and under it this typed label: "From my friend Frankie: the biggest fee I ever received."

Dr. Adams has taken many a "charity" case since that first one in which he engaged with so much reluctance. He does not wait for them to come to him now: he goes to find them. And the old unease and feeling of incompleteness seldom rise to plague him. Frankie and his teddy bear, he feels, showed him the way to the loftier summits, taught him to see what lies hidden behind the ranges.

Illustrations by Ruth King



The blind boy was sitting on a bed in a corner of a tiny room, playing with a teddy bear that had long lost one eye, both its ears, and all hope. . . . He turned unseeingly toward the surgeon.

May I Suggest— By William Lyon Phelps

Recent Literary Works for Holiday Reading . . . and Notes on Their Authors

MERRY CHRISTMAS! It is interesting to remember that royal birthdays are regularly celebrated in certain countries, yet only for a certain time; for not only are kings mortal, but kingdoms are too; that the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, the only two exalted personages uninjured by power, are widely celebrated, yet only among Americans; but the birthday of Him who was born in Palestine is *universally* celebrated, for it would be difficult to find a place on earth where Christmas is unknown. Of all the Christmas carols, I like best the one by Christina Rossetti:

*What shall I give Him,
Poor as I am;
If I were a shepherd
I would give a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part;
But what I have I give Him,
Give my heart.*

And of all the Christmas stories (you guessed it) Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* is supreme; everyone should read it again during this season. For the transformation wrought in Scrooge is the surest evidence of what Christmas can do. In the old Puritan days in England it was generally believed that only the "elect" were "saved" and all the rest damned; thus the question everyone asked of himself was this: "Do I belong?" But that question was answered nearly 2,000 years ago: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The evidence is in the heart. Hence all persons may join the elect.

* * *

A variety of interesting biographies and autobiographies have lately appeared. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, has accurately named his book *Across the Busy Years*. He was inaugurated president on Saturday, April 19, 1902, in the presence of a vast throng. I was one of the delegates from Yale, and it was inspiring to stand close to the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, while we all sang *America*. I can remember as if it were five minutes ago some difficulty I had in adjusting my academic gown; and President William Rainey Harper, of the University of Chicago, put his arms tightly around me, and tied the strings of the robe behind my back. I do not



Photo: Pach Brothers

Dr. Butler reviews his busy years.

know why I remember so vividly that academic embrace, but I can still feel it!

Robert Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, written 300 years ago, sums up his prescription for avoiding melancholy in six words: *Be not solitary; be not idle*. Well, President Butler does not hesitate to say that he has had an enormously happy life; and he has never been idle and almost never solitary. Hard work never killed a man; Dr. Butler has been chronically busy, is 77 years old, and full of vitality. In addition to being president of the largest university in America, he is a public figure of great importance. I was once engaged in conversation with a president of one of the colleges at Oxford University, and I spoke with admiration of their custom in always selecting for that office a distinguished scholar. He replied, "That is true; but we never have at Oxford or Cambridge any college head who occupies so prominent and influential a position in public life as President Butler, of Columbia."

It is my privilege to be intimately acquainted with President Butler, and he arouses my constant amazement. One would think that he could not possibly get through the daily work. In addition to that are his duties as a public man, the necessity of entertaining four or five times a week some distinguished visitors, and answering hundreds of letters. Yet I have never seen him hurried or irritated or petulant or excited; he seems al-

ways calm and composed and cheerful.

This autobiography is a record of the life of one of the busiest men in the world; and I do not know of any other individual who has known so many famous public men in Europe and America, and known them intimately, in close friendship.

Here also he gives us "inside information" on the Republican national conventions from 1880 to 1932:

"That happening in our American political life which most clearly and most fully reveals the nation's political habits and the forces which are either permanently or temporarily at work in shaping our public policies is the quadrennial national convention of each of the two great political parties, Democrat and Republican. Many thousand persons have attended at least one such convention. Probably several hundred persons have been members of two such conventions or more. A few score persons have been members of three or four such conventions. My experience is probably unique in that it covers attendance upon 14 national conventions of the Republican party, including membership in most of them, as well as upon two conventions of the Democrat party. When the 15th Republican national convention met in Chicago on June 18, 1912, on comparing notes it was found that but four of the members of that convention, which was composed of 1,078 delegates, had also been members of the convention of 1888, held in Chicago nearly a quarter century earlier. These were former Senator Powell Clayton of Arkansas, former Governor Henry C. Warmoth of Louisiana, Henry W. Bishop of Florida, and myself."

The interesting thing about these conventions is that President Butler writes of them, not as a spectator, but as an important participator, and once more, as so often in human history, we see how very close the U. S. A. came to a turning point that in the opinion of Dr. Butler would have changed the course of events in the whole world; and I think even the most optimistic man, looking back over what has happened during the last 25 years, would be quite sure that almost any change would have been an improvement. All my readers will be interested in the following paragraph from Dr. Butler's book:

"In many ways the convention of 1916

was the critical point in the later history of the Republican party. The fact that the bitter opposition of Senator Penrose and the fears of Senator Murray Crane, of Charles B. Warren of Michigan, and others prevented the nomination of Elihu Root proved tragic in high degree. The party was quite prepared, under Root's effective and highly intellectual leadership, to go forward constructively to new and progressive policies, including those of leadership in that international coöperation which is absolutely necessary if war is to be abolished and world trade established and made secure. This would mean peace and prosperity not for our own land alone, but for every land, and a new era of modern history would open. Because this could not be accomplished, the Republican party was sentenced to a hopelessly timorous and incompetent campaign and to a defeat which it deserved."

* * *

The *Autobiography* of the English playwright and novelist A. A. Milne seems like a forest pool compared with the stormy ocean if one begins to read it immediately after Dr. Butler's *Across the Busy Years*. One who is exclusively a man of letters must necessarily often be solitary; and yet Mr. Milne enjoys life I think fully as much as those who are in the thick of the fight. Which reminds me of Dr. Johnson's astute amendment to the famous advice given by Burton. Writing to Boswell in 1779, he said, "The great direction which Burton has left to men disordered like you, is this, *Be not solitary: be not idle*: which I would thus modify;—If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle."

This advice of Johnson's is a contribution to the art of living, and I recommend it to all Rotarians. Let us always have something to do when alone, and when we have nothing to do, let us do nothing as gaily as possible in company with others.

Unless one has either an envious or a venomous disposition, one cannot help loving Mr. Milne. And "loving" is the word. For this man, who is a novelist, a dramatist, a writer of children's books and murder stories, has probably done less harm in his life than almost any man I can think of. Does that seem small praise? Most of us do a good deal of harm and rather often. Think it over.

* * *

Now, I regard the autobiographies of Dr. Butler and of Mr. Milne as representing two distinguished careers very wide apart in the nature of their respective activities; and an autobiography that comes in the neutral ground between, re-

lated to both, is that of Sir Edward Marsh.

You never heard of him? Probably not; yet his narrative called *A Number of People: A Book of Reminiscences*, is the record of the life of an English aristocrat, who went through public school and Cambridge, took high honors in the classics at the university, was assistant private secretary to Joseph Chamberlain in the Boer War, was private secretary to Winston Churchill, accompanying him on his tour to Africa; and during the World War was assistant private secretary to Mr. Asquith and again private secretary to Mr. Churchill, and after the War private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire and then to the Labor leader J. H. Thomas.

Thus Sir Edward was on the inside of Government circles during wildly exciting years; but the other part of his nature and of his time is shown in the fact that he made and published in English verse a translation of the *Fables of La Fontaine*. (I myself made a visit in 1913 to Château-Thierry for the sole purpose of seeing the place where La Fontaine was born, not dreaming that it was the last year anyone would go there without thinking of something else.)

This book is written in the unaffected style of an English gentleman; quiet, unassuming, modest, humorous, but always ready to meet any and all obligations. The reason why he wrote this entertaining book is given in a sentence from Casanova: "If you have not done anything worthy of being written about, at least write something worthy of being read." I am very glad he wrote this book.

* * *

I am pleased also to see a new biography of Lord Clive, entitled *Clive of Plassey*, by A. Mervyn Davies. Of all the men who have ever lived, I do not know of a single one surpassing Clive in desperate, reckless courage. He was one in 10 million, a man without physical fear. When in a position as a young man that seemed to offer no escape from a career of humdrum and intolerable drudgery, he at two separate times placed a loaded pistol against his face and

pulled the trigger; both times it missed fire. A born gambler, he decided that Fate had something in store for him. It had; by a series of adventures that would be incredible were they not a matter of record, he became one of the most brilliant military figures in history, the conqueror of India, a millionaire and a peer of the realm, and then, after his return to England, was so bored that he killed himself, in 1774, at the age of 49.

How does this concern the U. S. A.? Well, as no one else seems to have noticed it, I suggest we had a narrow escape. Suppose he had lived two years longer; suppose England had sent him over to the American colonies instead of the incompetents and the half-hearted generals she did send. He would have gone through those American armies "with the greatest of ease," and . . .

His individual courage was shown in the most amazing manner. While still a civilian in India, and playing cards nightly with the officers, he accused his opponent of cheating. A duel was arranged on the spot. Clive fired first and missed. His opponent then advanced slowly and ironically, meaning to torture him with fear before killing him, and finally inquired, "Did I cheat?" Clive looked him in the eyes, and said, "Go to hell!" The officer could not endure Clive's gaze and confessed. Personal physical courage cannot possibly surpass that. Many years ago when a robber held a loaded pistol in my face, I did not tell him to go anywhere; I gave him my watch.

* * *

It is too late now for me to sail around Cape Horn; but everything about old Cape Stiff fascinates me. Here is a charming book, copiously illustrated by photographs, called *Two Sailors*, by Warwick M. Tompkins. Father and mother and two little children have just been around the Horn in a small boat. What a fine Christmas gift to any adventurous boy and girl! I mean the book.

* * *

And here's a book for children, an

Photos: John R. Wright



Hardy seamen these, Ann and Commodore, aboard a yacht sailing from Massachusetts to California via Cape Horn. At the helm was Captain Warwick Tompkins, their father.

abridgment of the immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan—retold and shortened by Mary Godolphin. The secondary title is *Made into a Picture Book*. It has been illustrated by Robert Lawson. The pictures are amazingly good, and what I hope is that every intelligent child who reads this book will immediately read the entire original work.

* * *

And a supremely magnificent Christmas gift to anyone is *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*, edited by Thomas Craven. This superb volume contains 144 of the world's best paintings in color, and the letterpress has 70,000 words. I shall say more about this extraordinary book in the next issue of this magazine; but this is the best gift for Christmas and for a person of any age, if you have \$10.

And another new art book is *Modern American Painting*, by Peyton Boswell, Jr. This is an exhibition of the work of living American artists. There are 86 illustrations in color, and an illuminating account of this movement in American art. This book is entirely apart from the scope of the other; and a fine Christmas present, if you have \$5. If you have \$15, your plans for Christmas will be arranged without a headache.

* * *

Here are some fine murder stories which excited me so much that each one carries my guaranty, which means that if you don't like the book, you can lump it. *Easy to Kill*, by Agatha Christie, though it does not contain her French detective, is, I think, her masterpiece. *Double for Death*, by Rex Stout, while not quite so good as his Nero Wolfe books, is far better than *Mountain Cat*; and *Challenge Blue Mask!*, by Anthony Morton, is terrifically exciting from the first sentence to the last. And *The Winter Murder Case*, left in manuscript by the late S. S. Van Dine, is fully worthy of his great talents.

* * *

The best motion pictures I have seen lately are *Beau Geste* (ten times better than the version I saw years ago), *Thunder Afloat*, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, and *Four Feathers*; while *Espionage* is so intolerably dull that I walked out.

* * *

Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:
Across the Busy Years. Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribner's. \$3.75.—*Autobiography*. A. A. Milne. Dutton. \$3.—*A Number of People*. Sir Edward Marsh. Harper. \$3.50.—*Clive of Plassey*. A. Mervyn Davies. Scribner's. \$3.75.—*Two Sailors*. Warwick M. Tompkins. Viking. \$2.50.—*Pilgrim's Progress*, as abridged by Mary Godolphin and illustrated by Robert Lawson. Stokes. \$2.—*A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*. Edited by Thomas Craven. Simon & Schuster. \$10.—*Modern American Paintings*. Peyton Boswell, Jr. Dodd, Mead. \$5.—*Easy to Kill*. Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. \$2.—*Double for Death*. Rex Stout. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.—*Challenge Blue Mask!* Anthony Morton. Lippincott. \$2.—*The Winter Murder Case*. S. S. Van Dine. Scribner's. \$1.75.



Photo: Rosenfeld

Along beautiful Copacabana Beach are many of Rio's comfort-like-home hotels.

Portuguese Lesson No. 4 . . . The Hotel

By Henley C. Hill

Note: Practical suggestions on Portuguese pronunciation were given in Portuguese Lesson No. 1 in the September ROTARIAN, the first in a series of nine prepared by Mr. Hill. The vowels are pronounced as follows: *a*—*ah*—as in *father*; *e*—*eh*—as in *fit*; *é*—*eh*—as in *Ella*; *i*—*ee*—as in *police*; *o*—*oh*—as in *over*; *ô*—*aw*—as in *awful*; *u*—*oo*—as in *moon*; *y*—*ce*—as in *body*.—Eps.

Please show me to my room.

Faça o favor de conduzir-me ao meu quarto.

Fah'-sah oh fah'-vohr' deh cohn-doo-zeer'-meh ah'-oh meh'-oo kwahr'-toh.

The number of my room is _____.

O número do meu quarto é _____.

Oh noo'-meh-roh doh meh'-oo kwahr'-toh éh _____.

Give me the key to my room.

Dê-me a chave do meu quarto.

Deh'-meh ah shah'-veh doh meh'-oo kwahr'-toh.

Where is the elevator?

Onde está o elevador?

Ohn'-deh ehs-tah' oh eh-leh-vah-dohr'?

Please have my luggage sent up.

Faça o favor de mandar subir a minha bagagem.

Fah'-sah oh fah'-vohr' deh mahn-dahr' soo-beer' ah mee'-nya bah-gah'-jehm.

One of my bags is missing.

Falta uma das minhas malas.

Fahl'-tah oo'-mah dahs mee'-nyahs mah-leh'-tahs.

Take my luggage down.

Leve a minha bagagem para baixo.

Leh'-veh ah mee'-nyah bah-gah'-jehm pah'-rah bah'-ee-shoh.

Thank you for your service.

Muito obrigado pelo serviço.

Moo'-ee-toh oh-bree-gah'-doh peh'-loh sehv-vee'-soh.

I need more towels; another blanket.

Preciso mais toalhas; outro cobertor.

Preh'-see'-zoh mah'-ees toh-ah'-lyahs; owe'-troh coh-behr-tohr'.

Please have our breakfast sent up.

Mande vir o nosso almoço.

Mahn'-deh veer oh nohs'-soh ahl-moh'-soh.

I wish to have this laundry done.

Quero mandar lavar esta roupa.

Keh'-roh mahn-dahr' lah-vahr' ehs'-tah roe'-pah.

My shirt has a tear. Please mend it.

A minha camisa tem um rasgo. Faça o favor de remendar-a.

Ah mee'-nya cah-mee'-zah tehm oom rahs'-goh. Fah'-sah oh fah'-vohr' deh reh-mehn-dah'-lah.

I wish to be awakened at _____ o'clock.

Quero que me acorde às _____ horas.

Keh'-roh keh meh ah-cohr'-deh ahs _____ aw'-rahs.

Wait a minute, please.

Espere um minuto, por favor.

Ehs-peh'-reh oom mee'-noo'-toh, pohr fah'-vohr'.

Have this suit pressed.

Mande passar este terno.

Mahn'-deh pahs-sahr' ehs'-teh tehr'-noh.

Where is the telephone?

Onde está o telefone?

Ohn'-deh ehs-tah' oh teh-leh-foh'-neh?

I wish to send a telegram; cablegram.

Desejo passar um telegrama; cabograma.

Deh-zeh'-joh pahs-sahr' oom teh-leh-grah'-mah; cah-boh-grah'-mah.

I am staying at the Hotel _____.

Permaneço no Hotel _____.

Pehr-mah-neh'-soh noh oh-tehl' _____.

Where is _____ street?

Onde está a rua _____?

Ohn'-deh ehs-tah' ah roo'-ah _____?

Additional Sentences

The ship is coming alongside the quay.

O navio está chegando junto ao cais.

Oh. nah-vee'-oh ehs-tah' sheh-gahn'-doh joon'-toh ah'-oh cah'-ehs.

It is said that the natural beauty of Rio de Janeiro has no equal anywhere in the world.

Diz-se que a beleza natural do Rio de Janeiro não tem igual em nenhuma parte do mundo.

Deez'-seh keh ah beh-leh'-zah nah-too-rah'l' doh hrree'-oh deh jah-nay'-roh não tehm ee-gwahl' ehm neh-nyuh'-mah pah'-teh doh moon'-doh.

From the top we can see all over the city and bay.

Do alto podemos ver toda a cidade e a baía.

Doh ahl'-toh poh-deh'-mohs vehr toh'-dah ah see-dah'-deh eh ah bah-ee'-ah.

A Welfare Worker's Day

By Jule Adams

IN WALKED a burly, black-haired chap with a grand smile. "Hello, Miss. Fine mornin', ain't it?"

"Yes, but you must wait in the outer room until 9 o'clock; then I'll see you." I turned back to the milk and ice fund report.

"I'm sorry to butt in like this, Miss, but I'm hungry; been hitchin' it for two days without a scrap to eat. Now just yesterday. . . ."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Sam Snyder. I listened for a moment before answering her, "That was kind of you, Mrs. Snyder. You say the boy had a nice smile? And he wore a ragged blue shirt? . . . Well, I'm sure the young fellow enjoyed the good meal, the first he had eaten for some time, no doubt. And with the money you gave him, he should be happy. Thank you, Mrs. Snyder, for reporting this case."

The boy across the desk had risen. He had lost his smile. "I see you ain't gonna help a guy out, so I'll get goin'!" And bang went the door.

With the milk and ice report finished and letters out of the way, I was ready for the regular two-hour conference period. First came Grandma Rhodes.

"How's Grandma Rhodes this mornin'?" I asked, as he propped his cane against the desk and drew his chair close. "Is she able to be up now?"

"The Lord be praised, Lady!" He always calls me "Lady," and I like the way he says it. "Mom can sit up today and she says to tell you to come down and see her. You ought to see how pert she is in that new wrapper you sent her. And, my lan', you should see our roses a-clambering over the back fence, all in a bower like! We have lots to be thankful for, Lady."

That eager old face got right down under my professional pose. "I'll be down soon to see Grandma, you can tell her. But I want to ask you something, Grandpa. Where did you learn gardening? Did you ever live on a farm?"

"No, ma'am, Lady. I never farmed a minute. Away back yonder, I dunno how long—I don't know for sure how old I am, Lady—I was just a straplin' of a boy—I ran off from home back in Kentucky and lit on the Bar K Ranch out in the Texas panhandle. Them were the wild days, Lady. Once there was a young fellow out there. . . . But a lot of

things happened in that country back yonder. Strange things. You wouldn't believe some o' the tales even if I told you." He looked at me skeptically.

"And then you married?"

"No, ma'am. I just took Mom and we went to El Paso. It was awful hard for Mom to settle me down. Then finally she got sick and I took to flowerin' and gardenin' to make her happy," he confided as he looked down at the floor.

"And are you happy yourself, Grandpa?" I asked quietly.

"Lordy, yes, Lady. I'm happy if I can just be with Mom and make her happy. But you know, Lady, when things get to growin' and the wind gets to rustlin' through the trees and the moon shines down softlike, then, Lordy, I get restless and feel like I'd like to skip out some'eres. I dunno, but every year when the green grass comes pushin' up, I get this a-way . . . like I'd love to shove my foot in a stirrup once more." In his eyes there was a far-away look.

Illustration by
Henrietta McCaig
Starrett



Grandpa and I sat there in silence.

"Well, I'll be gettin' back to Mom now. You come down, Lady."

"Yes, and you come back some day and tell me more about the Bar K Ranch!" I called after him as he hobbled off.

Several of our old chronic welfare cases came one after another. A board member came in to discuss the budget. The Citizens' League Committee called to demand action on the Lum Wilkins case. The waiting room was full of various and sundry callers. My secretary was trying to calm an agitated voice nearing my office. It was Nancy Miller's.

"Come in, Mrs. Miller. What's the trouble?" I inquired as I guided her to a chair.

Pushing her white, unruly hair out of her face, she did not answer at once. Her piercing blue eyes blazed. After a full minute, she started in: "I'll have you know that down in Mississippi, where I was raised, I didn't have to wait out with a bunch of pore white trash! I'll have you know I'm as proud as anybody. Just because I'm old and pore and starvin' is no reason I should have to wait an hour to beg for a piece o' bread!" Then she began wiping the tears from her eyes.

"There now, Mrs. Miller, I didn't know you were waiting. Did you say you once lived in Mississippi?" I had

"... I'd love to
shove my foot in a
stirrup once more."

been asking her this question, off and on, for over a year. It always set her up.

"Yes, honey. Haven't I told you my husband was a judge down there? He was a good man and kind, my husband was. He never let me work a minute. No, sir! We had a lovely old house and servants and acres of land, wooded and rolling. People liked to come to our house; there was always plenty of fried chicken. Why, many a time, child, I had old Mose clean a dozen fryers! But after my husband died. . . . Oh, I'm not going to be a quitter," she added with a defiant lift of her head. "If it weren't for Tom—"

"Oh, tell me about your son, Tom," I asked quickly. I saw that she was ready to cry again.

Then came a long story of love, misfortune, and hardship; a story that took her half around the world and back. A Summer in Old Mexico; a gay Winter in New Orleans, where Tom was born; happy years, then disgrace and poverty. And now Tom is a crippled, middle-aged man, suffering after years of dissipation and worthless living. He reads and loaf.

With my thoughts lingering on Nancy Miller, I interviewed the rest of the "clients" in the waiting room. A veteran wanting information on his claim; a baby needing milk; an unmarried expectant mother seeking refuge. . . . Suddenly a call from the police station. The voice of the desk sergeant boomed over the telephone: "Mrs. Adams, last night we picked up a woman who says her name is Susan Lane. We caught her breaking into a house; says she thought someone was being murdered and wanted to save him! She says she knows you. For goodness' sake—"

"I'll be over," I answered, resignedly.

So it had happened at last. Poor Susan with her delusions of persecutions, and not one soul to look after her; not one institution that would take her in.

I don't remember very much about what happened during the afternoon. I do recall that I went out to see our poor little Negro-white girl. She was busy feeding her month-old puppy a saucer of milk and I could not get her to tell me what she had done with her last baby.

Usually, at the close of the day, I forget these things, but tonight I am restless. All humanity is parading through my mind. I long to get out to the canyons and look up to the sky, where the stars will remind me that man's frailty and suffering are nothing. I think I have the same sort of urge that Grandpa Rhodes talked about this morning.



They're Always There!

To these 36 Rotarians who have maintained 100 percent attendance for 15 years or more — a salute and hearty congratulations.

(1) W. V. Beck, dentist, 15 yrs., Broken Bow, Nebr.; (2) James E. McLallen, physician, 15½ yrs., (3) George Nemece, women's clothing, 15½ yrs., (4) John W. Raleigh, undertaker, 15½ yrs., all of Cicero, Ill.; (5) C. D. Blauvelt, past service, 16½ yrs., (6) John Kerst, building contractor, 16½ yrs., (7) M. D. Osterhout, turkey raising, 17½ yrs., (8) Earl A. Talhelm, flour manufacturing, 16 yrs., all of Crete, Nebr.

(9) Charles Brandom, general law practice, 15½ yrs., Gallatin, Mo.; (10) Charles A. Keefer, jewelry retailing, 18½ yrs., Grafton, W. Va.; (11) J. W. Clayton, physician, 15½ yrs., Johnston City, Ill.; (12) J. Earl James, typewriters—retail, 18 yrs., Kokomo, Ind.; (13) Warren S. Shaw, film shop, 15 yrs., Lewiston-Auburn, Me.; (14) John T. Symes, commercial banking, 20 yrs., Lockport, N. Y.; (15) John N. Ballantyne, fruit marketing, 16¾ yrs., (16) James T. Langford, walnut growing, 17½ yrs., (17) Victor R. Larson, fire insurance, 17¾ yrs., (18) Louis Rinn, casualty insurance, 16 yrs., (19) Frank O. Smith, accounting service, 16¾ yrs., all of Lodi, Calif.

(20) Byron J. Badham, hardware distributor, 17½ yrs., (21) C. E. Parsons, chiropractic, 16¼ yrs., (22) George Wernli, ladder manufacturing, 15½ yrs., (23) Richard G. Wilcox, photostat service—photography, 16½ yrs., (24) Fred A. Willis, blue printing, 15¾ yrs., all of Los Angeles, Calif.; (25) George R. Stone, industrial attorney, 15½ yrs., Marion, Ill.

(26) Willard F. Clark, real estate, 18 yrs., (27) Charles A. Hollister, civil engineer, 21 yrs., (28) William A. Randel, ear, nose, and throat doctor, 15 yrs., (29) Hugh H. Stewart, industrial school director, 16 yrs., all of Mount Vernon, N. Y.; (30) James A. Thomas, jewelry, 16 yrs., broken in June, 1939, due to illness, North Bay, Ont., Canada; (31) Daniel J. Shea, retail druggist, 16¾ yrs., Nyack, N. Y.; (32) W. M. Evans, dentist, 18½ yrs., (33) Earl E. Sweet, retail druggist, 20 yrs., both of Oak Park, Ill.; (34) Rev. John A. Milligan, past service, 16¼ yrs., Porterville, Calif.; (35) Walter H. Fink, newspaper publisher, 15 yrs., Redding, Calif.; (36) Frank M. Withhart, past service, 17 yrs., Savanna, Ill.

Photos: (3) Netchman, (20, 24) Witzel, (21) Hartsook, (22) Williams, (28) Davis & Sanford, (30) Ralston, (32, 33) Toloff, (34) Hammond, (35) Searchlight and Courier-Free Press



Let's Have an Argument

By Hal G. Vermes

NO DOUBT it's safer to play catch with a hornets' nest than to have an argument. Homes have been broken, friendships shattered, riot squads called out because of what started as an innocent argument. Yet I have the audacity to say, "Let's have an argument." Why? Well, I have a foolproof system—one guaranteed to leave neither a headache—nor a black eye.

When I say "argument," I mean just that. I urge not a pallid play with words, but a stormy discussion shot through with ripostes that sting, full of sound and fury. I demand an honest argument, salted with truth and peppered with humor and fought courageously to the last suspiration.

Let me tell you about my system. It really isn't my system, for I discovered it one evening when I dropped in on the Johnsons.

I don't know just how I happened to find them all at home at the same time. Perhaps they were short on cash for movies or dancing or driving or the other diversions that keep so many people dashing about as if the world would drop into oblivion tomorrow. Anyhow, there they were, parked in the living-room, not knowing what to do, yet bored by the thought of doing nothing at all.

"Let's take a walk through the park," I suggested.

"Heavens, man," the father replied, "I played 36 holes at Franconia today, and am I dead!"

"How about bridge?" I asked.

"Not tonight," exclaimed Rheta, the blonde daughter. "Dad always insists on bidding no-trump."

"Well, there's always the radio," I remarked. "What's on tonight?"

"That's just it—there aren't any good programs," answered Marjorie, the other daughter. "Besides, Mother has had it on all day."

"I know what we can do," I spoke up. "Let's have an argument!"

"Say, that's a swell idea," declared Rheta. "We'll pick a subject on which there is a strong difference of opinion—"

"But Hal's a liberal," warned her father. "And if he and I argue politics, there'll be blood on the rug!"

"Not politics," Rheta demurred. "No, let's argue whether women are more intelligent than men. I think they are!"



"I don't," I countered pugnaciously.

"Nor I," Marjorie put in.

"Men," her mother declared, "are forward, vain—"

"If this goes on," Mr. Johnson broke in, "it will disrupt my happy home."

"But listen," said Rheta. "You have not heard my plan yet. In this argument, Hal, who thinks women are stupid, will have to take the directly opposite view."

"Hear! Hear!" Marjorie cried.

"And the same with everybody else," Rheta continued. "We who think women clever will argue that they're dumb. And Dad, Marjorie, and Hal, who won't believe a word of it, will insist that women are smarter than men."

"Not a bad idea!" her father exclaimed. "In that way we can say whatever we like and still nobody's feelings will be hurt because we'll be supporting our opponents' viewpoints."

"Let's go," said Rheta with a sly smile.

"I think men are much more intelligent than women. Why, look at history and the arts; they are studded with names of brilliant men. . . ."

That's how the system began. Before the evening was over four more friends stopped by. When I left about 3 o'clock the next morning, they were beginning a furious argument as to whether knowledge of technique increases one's musical appreciation.

Well, we keep more reasonable hours now, but we've explored almost every subject in the encyclopedia—and some not in it.

And we've had more than fun out of this exciting battle of wits. It's given us a reasonable regard for others' opinions. We have learned to consider both sides of controversial questions. And we have learned that those who disagree with our views can still be intelligent people and great friends.

So there's my system. We call it "Vice Versa," because the *vice* argue *versa*, and *vice versa*. We choose a subject on which there's a strong difference of opinion and then champion our opponents' point of view wholeheartedly. The next time you want an exciting evening, why don't you say, "Let's have an argument?"

As the Wheel Turns

Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest

HATS OFF! Make way! Make way for a new Rotary record. J. O. MODISSETTE, of Jennings, La., Governor of Rotary District 139, visited 11 Rotary Clubs in one week. In his official capacity he attended meetings of ten of them; then, unofficially, he dropped in at a meeting of his own Club.

Merger. Service, the quarterly review of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, is to be suspended, according to a recent report. *The Rotary Wheel* will incorporate its features for the duration of the war.

New Clubs. A hearty welcome to the following new Rotary Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International: Campana, Argentina; Romulus, Mich.; Wardell, Mo.; New Milton, England; Guam, Guam; Dalby, Australia; Plovdiv, Bulgaria; Hurstville, Australia.

Monroe Men. The Rotary world has known the Rotary Club of Monroe, Ga., only a year—that being the young Club's age—but the golfing world, particularly around Atlanta, Ga., has known a number of Monroe Rotarians considerably longer than that. It seems that once a year Atlanta is the site of a hole-in-one golf tournament. (If no entrant makes a hole-in-one, then the tee-to-green carry that comes nearest the cup wins.) Monroe men are always to be feared. Indeed, young JOHN LAUNUS, son of ROTARIAN D. B. LAUNUS, made the only hole-in-one ever recorded in the tourney. D. M. POLLOCK, charter President, won this year's meet with a three-foot lie. ROBERT L. NOWELL, re-elected Secretary of the Club, and several other Monroe Rotarians exercised their clubs in this year's contest also.

Analysis. Statistics may be some men's poison, but they are meat to ROBERT A. COAN,

proceeded to the end of the list, also reducing these groups of classifications to percentages of the whole. "The so-called learned professions—law, religion, medicine, and education," he says, "are represented by 56 men, or 38 percent." ROTARIAN COAN, your scribe assumes, will be happy to share his complete findings with other Rotarians who like the analytical approach.

Soil Doctor. Soils, every farmer now knows, can get just as sick or sour or diseased as human beings can—and, as a consequence, the profession of soil doctor is a growing one. ROTARIAN EDWARD T. KEENAN, of Lake Wales, Fla., is one of these physicians to the fields. But he's no horse - and - buggy



Edward T. Keenan

doctor. Give him a call and he's there in a flash—for he travels in his own private airplane—his flying laboratory. After analyzing the ailing soil, ROTARIAN KEENAN writes a prescription which any fertilizer dealer can fill. His service also includes periodic photographing of citrus groves, a procedure which he believes will show up areas that are

habitually more susceptible to different soil conditions than are others.

President. The Fall months have seen Rotary's President, WALTER D. HEAD, shuttling between his home in Montclair, N. J., Rotary Clubs and District gatherings chiefly in the Eastern United States, and Rotary's Central Office in Chicago. Many reports and photographs from these meetings attest to their success and fine fellowship. For instance, there was the meeting of Rotarians and their ladies of District 192 at Saint John, N. B., Canada. PRESIDENT HEAD addressed a luncheon and a dinner meeting which was followed by a ball and entertainment. The photo at left shows him receiving a gift

Photo: Biggs



The place of honor in his own Club—

from Saint John Rotarians. . . . The President has naturally had to spend much time away from his own Rotary Club, Montclair, but he and MRS. HEAD were present (see cut above) as its honored guests at a dinner meeting at which over 100 members, ladies, and guests were present.



Golden-wedding anniversary congratulations to Honorary Rotarian and Mrs. Elvon C. Lloyd, Belding, Mich.

. . . Both PRESIDENT HEAD and Rotary's Founder and President EMERITUS, PAUL P. HARRIS, were present at the first "Fall Conclave" of District 198 held at Osterville, Mass., on Cape Cod. They both took an active part in the speaking program, as did also PAST INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR RAY KNOEPPPEL and CHARLES S. MORRIS, Governor of District 174, both of New York City. The Hyannis, Mass., Club was host. The Conclave had its sidelights. FOUNDER PAUL wanted some of the Cotuit oysters for which the region is famous. After a feast of them had surfeited his desire, ROTARIAN KNOEPPPEL moved the founding of a new organization with FOUNDER PAUL as the first member, its name to be the Go-to-It Club, a corruption of Cotuit. A barrel head was produced as the first member's insignia, and the conferring of the decoration was recorded by the camera. In the photo below (left to right): HOST DISTRICT GOVERNOR PERCY HODGSON, ROTARIAN KNOEPPPEL, FOUNDER HARRIS, PRESIDENT HEAD.

Oldest? The Rotary Club of Glasgow, Scotland, believes its member W. P. LAIDLAW is the world's oldest Rotarian. He is 95. Hale, he still works, part-time, at the stationer's business which he has engaged in for 79 years.

Namesake. New title of the monthly magazine of Rotary's District 5 (Cumberland, Westmorland, and The Isle of Man) is *The Mayflower*. Speaking of the fabled vessel after which the publication is named, PAST DISTRICT CHAIRMAN ALFRED EAMES writes in a preface: "That ship leaving these shores back in the first half of the 17th Century remains a link with the U.S.A. Now, in the first half of the 20th Century, another *Mayflower* is launched. It follows in the wake of its namesake; its goal is 'Fellowship,' its watchword is 'Service,' and it may be another friendly link with the pioneers of Rotary away in the Western world."

Carrying On. The Rotary Club of Chungking in West China is about two years old. (An anecdote concerning the charter-night ceremony of the Club was related in THE ROTARIAN for



The official blessing at Cape Cod.



A Canadian gift for President Head—

Secretary of the Rotary Club of Rahway, N. J. Thus when a list of Rotary's new District Governors confronted his eyes, he went to work at once on a statistical analysis of the group. He found, for instance, that of the 147 men, 23 are lawyers, 19 are educators, 9 are insurance men, 9 are clergymen and Y.M.C.A. executives. Eight, he found, are engaged in financial work—banking, brokerage, and financial service; five are past service members; five are in medicine and dentistry; four are in public service; three are in furniture. . . . And so ROTARIAN COAN

February, 1939, page 48.) The Club has 30 members, has a regular publication called *The Gorges*. Recently received was a copy of the bulletin for June 8, 1939. The following paragraphs are quotations from it:

"The reason why there was no issue of *The Gorges* during May is obvious by now to everybody within reach of radio or newspaper. Two of the worst raids came on Thursday; the day of our worst raid showed an attendance of 13!

"I am afraid that no Chungking Rotarian will ever be able to hear the words 'manifest destiny' relating to any nation's plans without recalling the piteous wails of little children, torn and mangled, or the screams of men and women burning while imprisoned in the wreckage of flaming buildings.

"Last week another meeting of 13 Rotarians gathered together. 'L. T.' CHEN took the chair in CHAUCER'S [CHAUCER H. WU, then President of the Club] absence. The time was spent giving reports of our Club members.

"We regret to report the death of 'STEADY' Y. C. HSU, of the International Peace Committee, after the bombing of May 3. 'STEADY' was a former member of Tsinan and had only recently joined our Club.

"'DENT' CHEN had his home and office completely destroyed.

"'DAVID' NGAN had his office hit by a bomb and his home burned. His family were lost for three days, but all safe.

"'DONALD' T. C. FAN'S office was demolished by the same bomb that killed 100 people in the park.

"We are glad to report the receipt of \$2,000 from the Shanghai Rotary Club for bombing relief. The Rotarians on the International Relief Commission are asked to administer this.

"NEXT MEETING: Y.M.C.A. 1 P.M. (Dug-out Available.)"

Current History. To advance Rotary's International Service Object, the Rotary Club of Concordia, Argentina, planned an American press exhibition. To 100 Rotary Clubs of the American republics it sent requests for sample copies of local newspapers. These were to be displayed in the exhibit, then donated to the Concordia public library. Among United States Rotary Clubs receiving the request was the Rotary Club of West Hollywood, Calif. There the idea appealed particularly to ROTARIAN C. R. GRAVES. Forthwith he set out to collect one copy of each of the 57 daily papers printed in southern California. These he bound in book form (see cut), the cover bearing a list of papers included and a preface setting forth many data about the region they serve. The volume is being forwarded to the Concordia Rotary Club.

Photo: Milton



Soldiers' Dentist. DR. BENJAMIN K. WONG is a dentist member of the Rotary Club of Shanghai, China. He is a cousin of ANNA MAY WONG, of moving-picture fame; was born in Vancouver, B. C., Canada; practiced dentistry in Chicago; and is a brother-in-law of a Chicago Rotarian who operates a Chinese restaurant. When war raged in Shanghai, ROTARIAN WONG observed a lack of an efficient army medical service, saw particularly that facilities were inadequate for the treatment of head and jaw cases which predominate in modern war. Thus he and 11 other [Continued on page 46]

Rotary Personalities



Photos: (7) Continental by R. M. G., Inc.; (8) United News

A brief introduction to ten Rotarians whose services to their crafts, cities, or nations have brought them the honor and respect of their fellows.

(1) EVERETT WELLES FRAZAR is "the most esteemed American old-timer in Japan," in the opinion of one of his fellow members in the Tokyo Rotary Club. He was born in Shanghai, studied engineering in the United States, was a pupil of Thomas A. Edison, began business in Japan 43 years ago. His classification is "Road-Making Machinery—Distributing," and he is the senior partner in the firm which bears his name. He also heads the Frazar Estate Company.

(2) BARON YASUSHI TOGO, managing director of the Japan Wireless Telegraph Company, has been a member of the House of Peers since 1911. He is auditor of an electric machinery company and advisor of an insurance company. He is a graduate of the Law College of Tokyo Imperial University, is a member of Government committees on tariff, dumping, and textbooks. He is a member of the Tokyo Rotary Club.

(3) NORMAN SOMMERVILLE, of the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., is chairman of The Canadian Red Cross Society. While he has served this office for ten years, its responsibilities are heavier than ever before due to emergency conditions. A lawyer, ROTARIAN SOMMERVILLE has received the degree of King's Counsel for eminence at the bar. He was President of his Club when it was host to Rotary's 1924 Convention, and is at present Chairman of Rotary's Constitution and By-Laws Committee.

(4) When the Salvation Army of the World sought a new General last Summer, it took a man from the ranks of the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada. He is GEORGE L. CARPENTER. "We should be proud," wrote SECRETARY NIC G. KINSMAN in the Toronto Club's bulletin, "that a member of this Club has achieved such distinction in such a worthy way. We hope and pray that in the not-too-distant future the Salvation Army may triumph over all the other armies—and this cannot come too soon for us."

(5) CHUICHI ARIYOSHI is president of the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce and Industry and is a former Mayor of the city. He is a member of the House of Peers, has been councillor or governor of several prefectures, and was a chief of the administrative board of the Gov-

ernment of Chosen. He is a member of the Yokohama Rotary Club.

(6) "The King of Chocolate." So is ROTARIAN VELIZAR PEEFF, of Sofia, known in Bulgaria. Sofia Rotarians had opportunity recently to learn firsthand of the extent and efficiency of their fellow member's chocolate kingdom when he invited them and their families to tour one of his three plants and to have dinner therein.

(7) Chairman of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, the leading trade organization in the advertising field, is ALLEN L. BILLINGSLEY, a member of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio. He was Chairman of the Local Publicity Committee for Rotary's 1939 Convention, and is president of an advertising agency.

(8) HOWARD W. PALMER, of Greenwich, Conn., is immediate past president of the Connecticut Editorial Association, which office he has held for two two-year terms. He has seldom been more than a pica or two removed from newspapers, having started as a cub reporter in 1913. In the 13 years he has been editor and manager of the *Greenwich Press*, he has boosted it to national prominence among the "weeklies" through consistent winning in annual contests of the National Editorial Association. His list of organizational offices and responsibilities hints that he's a man for getting things done about town.

(9) ROTARIAN DR. WILLIAM A. PEARSON has just completed his year as president of the American Institute of Homeopathy and is currently celebrating his 25th year as dean of the Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. He has lectured before a college class every morning for 30 years and has never been more than five seconds late. Several medical textbooks are to his credit.

(10) WENDELL E. WHIPP, of the Rotary Club of Sidney, Ohio, is president of the National Machine Tool Builders Association. He is president of the Monarch Machine Tool Company of Sidney. Local Rotarians recently held a meeting in a new cafeteria in the lathe-manufacturing concern as the guests of ROTARIAN WHIPP.

doctors and dentists volunteered their services to any soldiers' hospital willing to cooperate in dental restoration work. One by one, four hospitals finally requested their services and the group treated 235 cases, in many instances replacing, with artificial ones, jaws and teeth that had been shot away, using plastic surgery to restore facial flesh, etc. This voluntary service meant that each dentist gave his mornings to this work, pursued his private practice only in the afternoon—if then. In the early part of this voluntary service, ROTARIAN WONG defrayed the expenses of the work himself.

Verse from Nippon. HIDEMI MATSUYAMA is Secretary of the two-year-old Rotary Club of Kochi, Japan. Sometimes, after a busy day with the affairs of the Kochi Chamber of Commerce, of which he is an official, he likes to sit in the solitude of the night, with cool winds from the Pacific running through the house, and meditate on the international spectacle and significance of Rotary Clubs around the world. One night recently he set a group of such thoughts down on paper in verse form, writing his poem in English and translating it later into Japanese. Soon he intends to publish the 20-stanza poem, which gives evidence of wide scholarship, in leaflet form and in both tongues. He dedicates it "to all Rotarians." One of the verses follows:

*Come listen comrades to the song of the wheel.
Let's interact according to the law
That first created the world for men's vocal
To evolve the thought of beauty, although
There are opinions of byways that may lead us
To tears that tear the whole white into seven
colors.*

Public Relations. Every month more than 8,500 copies of THE ROTARIAN go to school and public libraries, other reading rooms, non-Rotarians, and honorary members—as gifts from some 2,500 Rotary Clubs. Of these 2,500 Clubs, 128 provide ten or more such special subscriptions and ten provide 20 or more. The ten Clubs are: Oklahoma City, Okla.; Dallas, Tex.; St. Louis, Mo.; Madison, Wis.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Toledo, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dayton,

Ohio; Philadelphia, Pa.; and San Antonio, Tex. The last Club provides 33 special subscriptions.

Fathers and Sons. The natural inclination of every conscientious father to pass a good thing along to his son has an effect on the roster of many Rotary Clubs. It puts there many a father-and-son pair. From time to time in the past THE ROTARIAN has presented the photographs of such pairs, and now, because the mails have brought many more, it does so again—and with pleasure. Here they are, the father's name → standing first in each combination: Three pairs from Kenmore, N. Y.—(1 and 2) GEORGE AND ROBERT BRUNTON, (3 and 4) FRANK X. AND EDWARD R. REUTER, and (5 and 6) GEORGE F. WALLACE, SR. AND JR.; two pairs from Stillwater, Okla.—(7 and 8) ANDREW AND E. HAROLD GOODHOLM, and (9 and 10) F. PEYTON GLASS, SR. AND JR.; seven pairs from Little Rock, Ark.—(11 and 12) JOHN R. GROBMYER, SR. AND JR., (13 and 14) CHARLES E. AND C. EUGENE SMITH, (15 and 16) GUY AND TED CAMERON, (17 and 18) ROSWELL S. AND DREW H. LANDER, (19 and 20) THEODORE C. AND T. CHARLES TREADWAY, (21 and 22) A. HOWARD STEBBINS, SR. AND JR., and (23 and 24) TURNER F. AND RALPH H. BAKER.

Error. Last month an item labelled "Home-Town Boy" in this department described GLENN S. ("Pop") WARNER as head coach at San Jose (Calif.) State College. That is incorrect. He is an advisory coach to HEAD COACH DUD DE GROOT, a member of the Rotary Club of San Jose. THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD is indebted to ROTARIAN E. R. BAILEY, of San Francisco, Calif., for pointing out the error. The recent gridiron battle between San Jose State and the College of the Pacific, in which football's patriarchs A. A. STAGG and GLENN WARNER paced the opposite sidelines, was not without Rotary interest. Both the famous mentors are honorary Rotarians, STAGG at Stockton, Calif.; WARNER at Springville, N. Y.

Anniversaries. A seven-page Rotary section of the Moline (Ill.) Dispatch recently heralded the 25th anniversary of the Rotary Club of Moline, "The Plow City." . . . The Rotary Club of Topeka, Kans., is also currently celebrating the completion of its first quarter century of its existence.

Conference. Despite the fact that the shadow of war hung low over the event, the All Australia Conference held



Photos: (1-6) Holmes; (11-12) Hughes; (16-23) Shrader

early in September in Sydney "proved an unqualified success." Present were Rotarians and their families from the three Australian Rotary Districts—Numbers 65, 76, and 56. PAST INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT DR. CRAWFORD C. MCCULLOUGH, of Fort William, Ont., Canada, represented Rotary International. Fellowship was prime in such All Conference events as an evening aboard a showboat, a night of song and fellowship, group parties, and the Conference Ball. For leadership the Conference could look to such experienced Rotarians as those grouped in the photo at far left: (front row, left to right) Past District Governor J. Burgess-Watt, Outgoing Governor W. K. McLuckie, Outgoing Governor Fox Martin, Past President McCullough, Outgoing Governor and Past Director Angus S. Mitchell, Sydney Rotarian Ben Gelling; (middle row) Incoming Governor James McIntyre, Past Governors Hon. T. Armstrong, L. Mitchell, A. J. Pittard, Assistant Conference Secretary E. J. Doran, next Rotarian unidentified, Conference Secretary A. P. Mackie; (back row) Past Governor H. H. Cummins, Outgoing Sydney Club Secretary Lance Fallaw, Outgoing President Ralph Maynard.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD

Photos: Sidney Riley



Though it began just a few days after the declaration of war, an All Australia Conference, which drew Rotarians and their families from every part of the Continent to Sydney, proved eminently successful. Present and Past District Governors and other Rotarians of long experience (see cut above and item) furnished leadership. (Right) A view of the crowd at one of the many sessions. More details will follow next month.

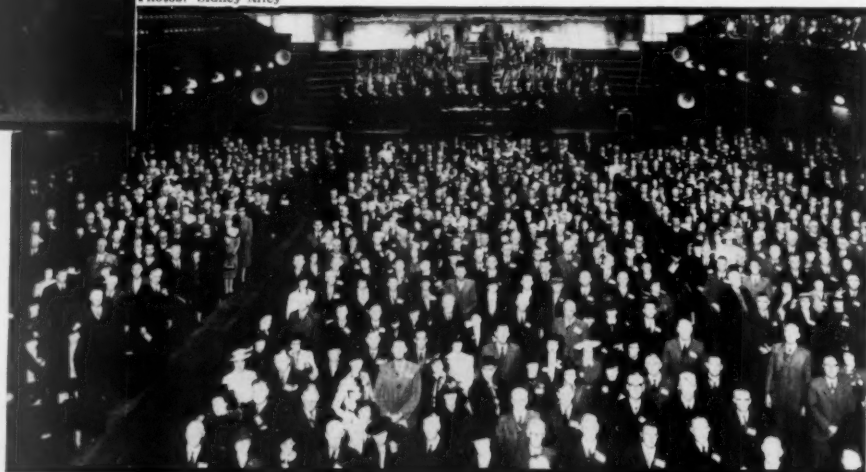




Photo: Hirschburg

Came a pause for a pose, that day Crawfordsville, Ind., Rotarians viewed a pageant presented by Girl Scouts at Camp Rotary.

Rotary Around the World

Brief news notes mirroring the varied activities of the Rotary movement

Brazil

Give Aid to Hospitals

PETROPOLIS—Hospitals of this city have benefited by projects of the Rotary Club of Petropolis. Three years ago a children's hospital was given an electric-ray apparatus which was badly needed. Two years ago the Club equipped another hospital with an eye, ear, nose, and throat clinic. More recently two Club members donated 2,000 neckties, bearing the Rotary emblem, which were sold to Rotarians, the proceeds from which were donated to a hospital for the founding of a dental clinic.

Fight Spread of Cancer

RIO DE JANEIRO—The Rotary Club of Rio de Janeiro has started a campaign against the spread of cancer. The generous donations of two Rotarians to be used in the construction of a hospital are a vital factor.

England

Seek Blood Donors

COVENTRY—The Community Service Committee of the Coventry Rotary Club has undertaken the work of recruiting 5,000 blood donors in the city.

Boys' Home Aids 4,000

WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Over 4,000 underprivileged boys have been helped in the 15 years that the Rotary Club of Weston-super-Mare has maintained its Weston Boys' House. Lads between 9 and 15 who are in need of convalescent treatment are cared for in a friendly atmosphere. Many letters from boys who have stayed there attest to the fine work being accomplished.

Japan

Bring Cheer to Unfortunates

SENDAI—Through visits, books, and candy, the Community Service Committee of the Sendai Rotary Club brings comfort and cheer to many unfortunates. The books, some 600, were donated to a hospital, and the candy went to orphan children.

Canada

Annual Fair Nets \$3,600

BROCKVILLE, ONT.—For the tenth year the Rotary fair staged by the Rotary Club of Brockville provided three evenings of festivities for the community—and netted a neat profit which will enable the Club to carry on its extensive welfare activities. About \$3,600 was the amount

earned this year, all of which will be used for philanthropic purposes.

Successful Picnic

STRATFORD, ONT.—At a recent Farmer-Rotary picnic sponsored by the Stratford Rotary Club 7,000 persons were in attendance.

Mexico

Fights Leprosy

LEÓN—To support the campaign it is waging against leprosy, the Rotary Club of León has issued special stamps.

Australia

Assist Young Student

WAGGA WAGGA—In an essay competition on national ideals among the students of New South Wales schools, the winner was a lad who wrote on "The Work of the Rotary Club." So impressed were the members of the Wagga Wagga Rotary Club by the promise shown in the composition that they are taking a direct interest in encouraging the youth's education.

Argentina

Make Hospital Contributions

MENDOZA—A welcomed Community Service project of the Rotary Club of Mendoza included the donation to the Emilio Civit Hospital of such needed articles and equipment as several yards of special materials for domestic use, ten sets of Brabant linen for use in the hospital's maternity center, a special apparatus for extracting liquid from the pleura, a trocar for puncturing ascites, four platinum needles, and two syringes. This didn't complete the Club's Community Service program, however, for members



provided funds to purchase five microscopes of the latest type, which were then presented to the National College.

New Zealand

Youths Are Guests

AUCKLAND—Perhaps the most remembered program of the Auckland Rotary Club of the past Rotary year is the "Boys' Day" meeting. Some 60 youths attended as guests of members and heard an address on "Boys Will Be Men."

United States of America

Farmers and Rotarians Eat Chicken

BELOIT, WIS.—Fried chicken admittedly was a leading interest of the Rotarians and their 55 guests, all farmers, at the recent rural-urban meeting sponsored by the Beloit Rotary Club. But likely of more lasting good was the better understanding which Club members now have of the farmers' "angle."

International Gifts

LEBANON, PA.—Fifty-three Rotarians outside the United States—all in different Clubs—will receive Christmas gifts this year from 53 members of the Rotary Club of Lebanon. Each Lebanon Rotarian will send his gift to a man who is in the same classification as himself. It is expected that interesting and mutually helpful correspondence will result.

Figures Tell the Story

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—It's just a list of figures in the report, but it tells of much work accomplished and many lives made happier through the efforts of the Santa Barbara Rotary Club. Examples of expenditures which tell their



Photo: Loudermilk

Where feet might rest and friends might chat (above)—the booth provided by Marietta, Ga., Rotarians at the Cobb County Fair. . . . A refreshing drink of cool water at the U. S. A. side of the International Bridge between Laredo, Texas, and Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, made possible by the Rotary Club of Laredo.

The camera moves along the Rotary trail (from top down): Amid type-composing machines and "stones" an Oceanside, Calif., Rotarian played host to fellow members. . . . Bridging a gap between dreams and reality is this structure leading to the camp site Fremont, Ohio, Rotarians made possible for local Camp Fire girls. . . . When the Rotary Club of Sheridan, Ind., convened for a recent meeting, members found that their ladies had "taken over," paid for the meal, were ready to provide a program. . . . The new home—and its very own—which the Rotary Club of Hollywood, Fla., has given itself. . . . To a camp in which they are interested, Rotarians of Montreal, Que., Canada, have given three huts.

Rotary Club is its annual baseball picnic. This year well over 1,000 boys and girls cheered themselves hoarse at the celebration. During the Summer the expenses of about a dozen boys were paid to a Y. M. C. A. camp.

Welcome New Citizens

TULSA, OKLA.—The welcoming of nine newly naturalized citizens featured an impressive International Service program of the Tulsa Rotary Club recently.

Send Boys to Camp

SYRACUSE, KANS.—During the past Summer, 30 boys enjoyed vacations at a Colorado camp at the expense of the Syracuse Rotary Club.

Chickens on Display

LEOTI, KANS.—Ending the season for the poultry club sponsored by the Leoti Rotary Club was an exhibition at a 4-H Club fair. Exactly 289 fowls clucked and crowed in the competition for awards.

Club Helps Make News

OCEANSIDE, CALIF.—In commemoration of Newspaper Week in California, the Rotarian-publisher of the Oceanside *Blade-Tribune* and Club President, Harold N. Beck, entertained fellow Rotarians and visitors from near-by Rotary Clubs in the composing room of his plant (see cut), where, menaced by mythical "type lice" and clattering linotype machines, they enjoyed a luncheon combining the aspects of an intercity meeting, Vocational Service, and fellowship. The guests saw the day's edition "in the making," and as they left the unusual meeting place, they received a copy of the paper, which contained a special Rotary section. Included were features and editorials, as well as a "Tribute to Rotary" penned by a Kiwanian.

Students Dance and Sing for Club

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Garbed in native costumes, nine students from other lands attending the International Young Men's Christian Association College at Springfield, members of the institution's Cosmopolitan Club, cooperated in the presentation of an International Service program before the Rotary Club of Springfield recently. All students of advanced scholastic training in their own countries, they sang, danced, and spoke in the manner and language of the peoples of Bulgaria, Australia, New Zealand, Greece, China, Egypt, and Ceylon.



Photos: (2d from bottom) Maurice E. Berry; (bottom) S. J. Hayward

'Subbing' for Mr. S. Claus

Round the world busy Rotarians take over the Old Saint's pack to carry its load of joy to homes he might happen to miss. Here are the ways they do it.

Gee, presents! —at the party Jackson, Michigan, Rotarians gave crippled children.



BOYS have bottomless stomachs. The grocer's bill proves it. But most boys can try three times a day to fill them. Some can't . . . some like the 36 lads Rotarians of Aurora, Ind., rounded up about a year ago. These three dozen boys came from homes where bean soup is standard fare, hamburger a holiday dish, and a rolling, tossing hunger one's regular bedfellow.

But they had their day. The Rotarians sat the youngsters down at their weekly meeting place and plied them with platters of turkey—while they themselves stood around the walls eating bean soup!

Now this isn't a headline news story, but it is important because it is more or less typical of the Christmas parties Rotarians around the world give children every year, a sample of the sort they are working on even now. Let's look at some of the ways Rotarians spread bits of Christmas cheer last year.

Thirty-five boys and girls from needy families in Cherokee, Okla., took the 35 members of the local Rotary Club shopping . . . and picked out just what they wanted. The Rotarians paid. Then all gathered in the Club's meeting place for a lively party. "I may be a yokel," said one burly member, "but I'm having a hard time keeping the old tears back." Happy scenes can do that.

For the 17th consecutive year the Rotary Club of Johnstown, Pa., gave the boys and girls of a local children's home a party in their own Club quarters. Merchant members donated gifts for each, and Christmas morning brought each child a package containing warm wearables from the Rotary Club.

Bushel baskets heaped high with fruit, candy, nuts, and toys made Christmas cheerful for 18 needy families of Liberty, Mo., last year. The baskets came from the local Rotary Club. A Kansas City Rotarian, a candy salesman, gave all the sweets, Boy Scouts rounded up the toys which college students then reconditioned, and members and interested friends wrote checks for expenses. . . . Santa Claus, turkey, gifts for all, carol singing, and general jollity made 20 crippled children of Manistee, Mich., bubble with delight at a party local Rotarians gave them. The tots themselves provided some of the brightest of the entertainment. [Continued on page 52]



Photos: (above) Courtesy, Jackson
(circle) Arnold

Turkey, toys, and lots of noise make very happy girls and boys—at the party Birmingham, Mich., Rotarians give crippled tots (circle). . . . To each of 250 needy families (right) Rotarians of Oporto, Portugal, gave a bagful of food and sweets during Christmas.



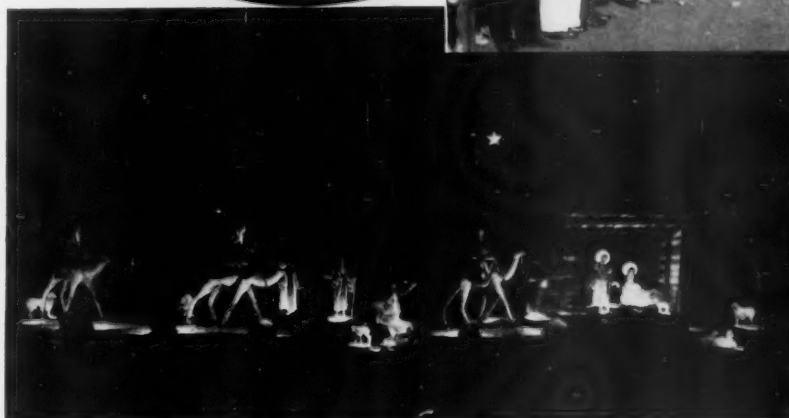
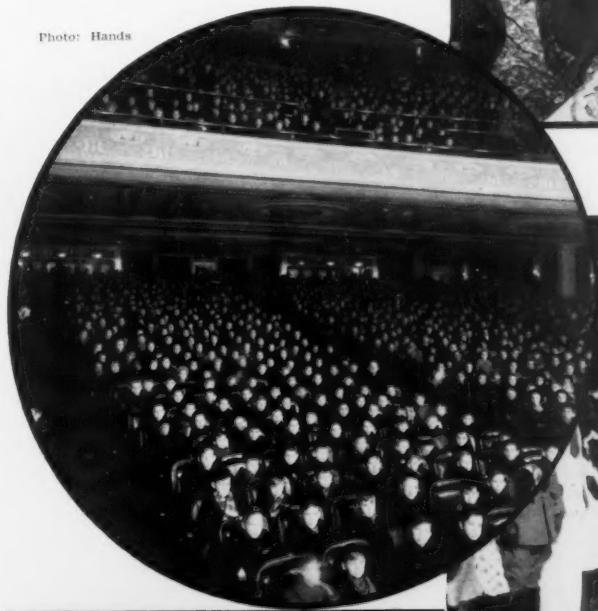
They licked the platter clean, did the 14 crippled children from poor homes (right) to whom Rotarians and Lions of Huntington Park, Calif., gave a Christmas party last year.

A sea of 2,800 bobbing faces (below) filled the theater when Rotarians of Ottawa, Ont., Canada, gave poor and crippled children a Christmas party.

Photo: Hands



More than 1,300 poor children attended a Christmas party (below) given by Bahia, Brazil, Rotarians in a section of their city.



All Thomasville, Ga., found delight in the beautiful outdoor tableau the local Rotary Club created (above). . . . About 300 Mexican-American children (below) were fêted by Rotarians of Abilene, Tex.



All eyes were on Kris Kringle, the main attraction of the party Rotarians of Holtville, Calif., gave primary pupils from indigent homes (above). Turkey, gifts, and sweets made the event jolly.

Northport, N. Y., Rotarians make their party for needy boys an annual affair. A school attendance officer suggests a number of lads equal to the membership of the Club. Each Rotarian calls for and returns his boy—between which times he makes sure that the lad gets a capacity load of turkey, a worth-while gift, and some thrills in the entertainment line.

Every boy present received an official Boy Scout handkerchief at the luncheon which Rotarians of Greencastle, Ind., gave the Scout troop they sponsor. All the troop members are from underprivileged homes. . . . A radio broadcast in which the Flin Flon, Man., Canada, Club cooperated with Elks and Legionnaires netted \$519 for a Christmas cheer fund. . . . Christmas plus Rotary equals an annual oratorio in Preston, Idaho, where for six years the Club has sponsored an invitational musical and tableaux program. The house is always packed, the musical fare prime.

Christmas baskets? Certainly the Rotary Club of Princess Anne, Md., would give them as usual, but last year it wanted to expand its Christmas activities—and did, to include a students' citizenship dinner. Guests were 70 grade- and high-school pupils who had been selected on a point basis that stressed scholarship, perseverance, personal hygiene, initiative, leadership, and cooperation. Certificates of good citizenship went to each young guest. Competition for a place at the dinner for this year is keen.

Two hundred and seventy-five tots in the Nantao zone of Shanghai, China, did not know how nearly they missed getting anything for Christmas last year. A certain clergyman had hoped to distribute small gifts among them when, on the day before Christmas, his plans were frustrated. But a hurry call to some Shanghai Rotarians saved the day—and Christmas. In a few frantic hours the Rotarians assembled the 275 gifts, wrapped them, and delivered them to the minister just in time.

Turning social worker since its town had no welfare agency, the Rotary Club of Lewiston, N. Y.—Queenston, Ont., Canada, discovered many families too poor to buy gifts for their children. To a dozen of these it gave \$2 each, with the request that the parents let their children think that Mother and Dad had bought the gifts with some pennies they'd managed to save. . . . As a part of their Christmas-time activity, many Rotary Clubs treat their own children and wives at a dinner. Tamaqua, Pa., did last year. Porterville, Calif., Rotarians made theirs a ladies' night affair.

A large paper shopping bag goes to every member of the Rotary Club of Van Buren, Ark., each Christmas season. He brings it back crammed with used clothing, toys, magazines, canned goods. On filling it he may not spend more than 25 cents. A prize goes to the Rotarian whose collection is judged the best. The Salvation Army distributes the goods among needy persons.

"Sioux Falls Rotarians will attend their weekly luncheon Thursday, each one accompanied by a doll—and not a wife in town will care!" reads a year-old clipping from a South Dakota newspaper. The dolls, it hastens to explain, were toy ones which local Rotarians were collecting to give to small girls whom Saint Nick might just happen to miss on his annual dash.



Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

A corner for hobbyists in the families of Rotarians.

IT IS just a guess, but it is a safe one: When Mr. S. Claus of the North Pole is ready for his annual dash, he gets the official Santa Claus of Ponca City, Okla., on the telephone and asks, "How should I dress this year?" For if the Ponca City Santa doesn't know, no one does.

The Ponca Saint is C. MARSH SANDERS, a Rotarian real-estate dealer. But he has been playing the rôle of the jolly old rogue so long and so wholeheartedly that if, some Winter day, you suddenly asked him his name, you'd understand if he blurted out, "Santa Claus."

The story of ROTARIAN SANDERS' hobby—for that is what he calls it—begins on a night in 1924. A church Christmas program was under way and he had sat down to enjoy it. There came an excited whispering in his ear. "Mr. Sanders, we need a Santa Claus! We didn't think we'd have one, but all these children are expecting him. Will you—?" He'd try.

While the program sped on, he hopped into a fur coat while others trimmed it with cotton, snapped on a Santa Claus mask that came conveniently to hand, and, with no seconds to spare, stomped out on the platform to the squealing delight of the rows of bobbing small faces.

"If they liked that," mused SANTA SANDERS, "I'll give them something better next year." The following Christmas saw him in a home-made red suit, patent-leather leggings, and white whiskers. This was better and the children's shouts were even louder, but still ROTARIAN SANDERS wasn't satisfied. So year by year he kept improving his costume and make-up, graduating from homemade to tailormade raiment and to silky whiskers that he applied with spirit gum. All the while his following kept growing and in a few years each holiday season saw him before as many as 20 different groups of children.

While in California for Rotary's 1938 Convention, SANTA SANDERS stopped at one of Hollywood's costume stores and bought an expensive red-velvet Santa Claus outfit, some real-hair whiskers, and all accessories. He wore it last Christmas and he'll wear it again this season. The whole town will turn out as usual to see him in it in the annual Chamber of Commerce Christmas parade, which, naturally, is built around Santa Claus. Sometimes MRS. SANDERS rides along as Mrs. Santa and a successful one she is. Also, she is his indispensable booking agent, wardrobe mistress, and make-up artist.

"This is only a hobby with me," says ROTARIAN SANDERS, "and while it has cost me quite a little, I do not charge for my appearances and accept no cash." His only requirement is that the party to which he is invited be purely for children. He visits rural schools within a radius of ten miles, reserves Christmas Eve for calls to the families that ask him to come. "The request must be made every year, as I might not be wanted the second time."

It's SANTA SANDERS' deep conviction that it is very unfair to the little tots for merchants to



The Old Saint himself? Well, strictly, he's Rotarian C. M. Sanders in his hobby togs.

hire gaunt, cheaply attired, makeshift Santas. And through his own successful efforts to be the jovial, bluff, plump, twinkling gentleman who the Saint is supposed to be, he has thoroughly clinched the idea.

We said that ROTARIAN SANDERS has been Santa Claus every year since 1924. There was one exception. Two years ago in December "Santa had to slow up and did not appear." That month he buried his 23-year-old son. And once before in the 15 years Santa's jolly face masked the sharp memory of the death of his 7-year-old son. Of course the small ones who sit in this Ponca Santa's lap each Christmas and lisp the long list of things they want do not see this in his ruddy face. But perhaps the massive hugs he gives them are not for them alone.

What's Your Hobby?

Taciturnity and hobbyitis don't go together. Every hobbyman likes to talk with other hobbyists of his ilk. That's why THE GROOM invites Rotarians and members of their families to list their names and hobbies here—free. It usually brings a good response.

Clocks: Rev. Jerome Kates (would like to exchange information with others interested in early American clocks), 105 Woodbine Ave., Rochester, N. Y., U.S.A.

Rocks and Minerals: Glen D. Cooper (collects rock and mineral specimens; also lapidary work in cutting and polishing semiprecious gems; has particular interest in crystals for faceted cutting; invites correspondence), 831 N. Fred. Ave., Oelwein, Iowa, U.S.A.

Dress Materials: Mrs. Carl Vitz (wife of Rotarian—collects dress materials and chintzes of interesting design, and will exchange samples), 519 W. 50th St., Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

Old Maps: Mrs. W. R. Montgomery (wife of Rotarian—collects old maps of Texas, New Mexico, and Mexico), 222 Schunior St., Edinburg, Tex., U.S.A.

Genealogy: Mrs. Florence Poston Hansen (wife of Rotarian—desires information about John Wheeler of Boston, who married Mary Ingraham and was a quartermaster in the American Revolution; also about the Poston and Cheshire families in St. Mary's County, Md., later in Hampshire County, Va.; also the Cowell, Whitney, and Cartwright families of Boston, Rhode Island, and Maine), 803 W. 6th Ave., Emporia, Kans., U.S.A.

Correspondence: A. E. Lamberg (would like to receive a letter from every Rotary Club in the world, each of which he would acknowledge), 461 Sespe Ave., Fillmore, Calif., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

Streamlining Santa in Atlanta

By Mildred Chester

THIS is the day of the streamlined train, plane, and orange juicer—of the streamlined everything. But it remained for Rotarians of Atlanta, Ga., to streamline Santa Claus. They s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d him out until now he—but first let's look at him as he was.

Atlanta, like most communities, has always opened its heart at Christmas time to deluge its poor with food and gifts. The social agencies must direct this almost overwhelming benevolence to see that no family is surfeited—and then forgotten for the rest of the year. Among the generous givers is the Atlanta Rotary Club, which has long helped the children of the needy families on the rolls of the Family Welfare Society. For years the Club has given each of these children a pair of new Christmas shoes. Measuring small feet, a backbreaking and sometimes odorous job, was my first assignment as an Atlanta welfare worker. One went from family to family gathering sizes.

"Jane-ee! Jane-ee!" Mamma would yell. "Come right here! The lady wants to measure your feet. Woodrow, now don't be bashful. The lady don't mind if your toe is sticking out." So the child stepped down on a piece of brown wrapping paper, the social worker traced round his foot, wrote his name, age, and address inside the pattern, and scissored off the surplus paper. Then on to the next family. Later, all these paper footprints, little and big and clean and smudgy, went in a bundle to the Rotary Club office and thence, as a big order to be filled at once, to a wholesale shoe concern.

Then came those frantic nights just before Christmas . . . and tumult in Rotary headquarters. Members, sleeves rolled up, feverishly packed market baskets. Into each went two suits of "unions," two pairs of black stockings, a pair of shoes, candy, and a toy. Interruptions didn't help. Bill Jones' wife would phone that the company had already come and that he should hustle right home. Members scattered over the city would call in to say, "Just happened to think that I was supposed to be over there helping you fellows. Still need me?" But by that time P. D. ("Uncle Dan") Yates and a few of the faithfuls would have just about wound up the job. Uncle Dan (he's Champion Golfer Charley Yates' father) is Chairman of the Atlanta Rotary Club's Christmas Committee.

That surge of benevolence which Christmas brings is a good thing, but, finds a group of Georgia Rotarians, it is better when spread over the whole year.

Somehow the afternoon before Christmas always seemed to bring cold and sleet, and the men who had generously held their hands high when Uncle Dan had asked for volunteers to deliver baskets began to make excuses—all of them strictly reasonable. And so Uncle Dan found himself with row upon row of baskets, on the one hand, and a half-dozen automobiles, whose drivers were anxious to get home to their own Christmas kiddies, on the other. But heroic work usually did the trick. Tired drivers shuffled in from time to time to ask, "Where the heck is Squeedunk Alley? Drove ten miles lookin' for it." And then they'd remember the social worker. She should know. That first Christmas, I rode to all the Squeedunk alleys in town—rode on the air tank of a tire company's service truck, which had been pressed into duty. All the baskets safely delivered, I finally fell into my Christmas bed supperless and not at all sure that I liked Christmas. Little did I know that the week after was to be much worse.

But it was. For days on end Mammias called to say that Bobbie had a pair of girls' shoes, that 6-year-old Betty had drawn a pair of ladies' oxfords. Eight-year-old Sam had wanted boots with a place for a knife to be stuck in the uppers. And the shoe wholesaler came to dread the sound of a feminine voice on the telephone. It was certain to be one of us welfare workers asking for an exchange. Patiently he'd explain that this was impossible when dealing in large lots and at wholesale prices. And we would confess that this was reasonable. Then there were the families only lately poor. They thought the Rotarians who brought the baskets grand folks, but they were troubled when neighbor children teased their children because Santa Claus did not bring their Christmas things. "The charity folks did. We saw 'em."

Well, that's not the way the Atlanta Rotary

Club plays Santa Claus these days. Some of the men got together and talked things over. They enumerated the faults of the old plan; bad fittings made unhappy children; proud poor were embarrassed; the brunt of the work fell on a few Rotarians; the help given covered too short a space of the year.

Gradually, under Uncle Dan and his Committee, a new plan developed. It's the one in use today. Every year at Christmas time the Club opens charge accounts at two Atlanta stores—one for shoes and one for boys' suits. Boys and girls in families under the care of the Family Welfare Society who really need shoes and boys who need suits are carefully selected by case workers and given requisitions to the stores specifying just what article is to be supplied and at what maximum cost. The families go to the stores and personally select the items specified. If Sam has dreamed for weeks of boots, boots he gets—and not shoes. If Betty is a Girl Scout and wants shoes like the other girls', she gets stout oxfords and not strap slippers. The children are fitted by the manager of the department himself, who takes a personal interest in their happiness. The boys who get new Sunday suits are, well, just plumb proud. No one but the manager and the agency knows the identity of the children whose parents have run into such hard luck they must accept help. Many have never before gone into a store and actually picked out a suit for themselves.

But the feature of the plan which really streamlines Santa—which stretches him out until he covers the whole year—is this: the bulk of the Rotary Club's Christmas giving has been set up as an "Around-the-Year Christmas Fund." No longer need the children wait until Christmas for shoes they should have in September. No longer must the youngster who wants to join the "Y" wait until December 25 for the gift of a membership fee. Santa Claus lives in Atlanta the year round now. The plan works simply. The Family Welfare Society fills special needs as they arise in the families under its care and bills the Christmas Fund monthly. The bills go to Uncle Dan and his Committee for approval and then to the Rotary Club office. A note with each statement tells of the need of



Atlanta Rotarians' round-the-year Christmas fund makes great moments like these possible for boys like these, but whom it assists is kept a secret.



each person for whom the fund has been used. The only test of an expenditure is: "Is this something which would logically be a Christmas gift if this were December 25?" Let's see what some of these notes collected during the past year have to say.

Sixteen-year-old James had nothing but overalls and tennis shoes to wear to his high-school graduation. His paper-route earnings went to feed younger brothers and sisters. A new suit and shoes provided by the "Around-the-Year Christmas Fund" made graduation an event he will treasure for years.

Jean and Emily, little girls whose mother had seen hard days since desertion by their father, went to their confirmation last Spring looking dainty and fresh in the simple white frocks and new slippers which were provided through the Christmas Fund.

A young Negro boy was given a trip to a boys' conference in a near-by town. He is the son of a widow who has worked hard to bring her children up as good citizens. This boy is outstanding in his group and exerts a great influence for good on the younger boys.

Jack, 17, is home after three years in the State tuberculosis sanitarium. His old friends have all drifted away and he is very lonely. His doctor said swimming would be the best exercise in the world for him, so a "Y" membership has been given him. He's enjoying the pool and is making new friends.

A sick father and five brothers and sisters under 16 are among the reasons Marshall has never been able to have a Scout uniform. Scout meetings are the brightest spot in Marshall's life, now that the Fund has given him a uniform and stout shoes which will stand the strain of week-end hikes.

A 14-year-old girl, shy and friendless, is having the time of her life as a member of a tap-dancing class. She is winning friends and losing her handicapping timidity. A teacher reduced the regular price of lessons and the Fund is paying for them and the shoes.

A football suit has done wonders for Gene, age 12. He has had to endure much embarrassment because of his father's drinking and subsequent desertion, and the suit has given him the needed prestige among his fellows.

A young girl who has been ill a great deal is learning a trade which she hopes will enable her to help support younger brothers. Her old coat did not reach her wrists. She has grown so tall. You should see the pride with which she touches the new coat the Fund has made possible.

During the past year 307 children in Family Welfare Society families have found from personal experience that the spirit of Christmas endures throughout the year—thanks to the Atlanta Rotary Club.

"Uncle Dan" Yates and the Christmas Committee believe in their streamlined plan. They give you these reasons for their faith in it: the plan lets the child select his own gift on the basis of choice and need; it stimulates self-respect and pride; it provides a method of sharing the Christmas spirit 365 days in the year; it is efficient because pains are taken to make sure that each expenditure fills a real need that could be met in no other way.

The Rotary Club may have streamlined Santa Claus, but Atlanta feels that it has a streamlined Rotary Club. Is it any wonder?



P. D. Yates

Our Readers' Open Forum

[Continued from page 4]

Far East, if one unacquainted with their language wished to hold intercourse with a "native," the only medium was pidgin English. (This, of course, does not apply to Australians, who are almost the farthest east from Russia.)

My informant also told me that so universal is pidgin English that, in the other foreign possessions, the Westerners, of whatever nationality, are obliged to employ the same medium in intercourse with natives in their possessions.

W. C. HALLEY, *Rotarian*
Classification: Bread Retailing

Ipswich, Australia

Drones—Males or Neuters?

Bees having been a hobby of mine for many years, I enjoyed Paul W. Kearney's *Please Take Care of the Bees!* [August ROTARIAN] and a comment on this article by Mrs. H. M. Wheeler in Our Readers' Open Forum for November.

From information I have gathered, I feel Mrs. Wheeler's statement regarding the drones not being males but neuters is in error.

According to our unabridged dictionary, "A normal colony (of bees) consists of a fertile female or queen who is the mother of the colony and whose sole function is to lay the eggs from which the colony is raised; quite a number of males and drones, stingless and whose only function is to mate with an unfertile queen and render fertile all eggs she may later deposit; and many thousands of 'infertile females' or worker bees who gather and produce the food, produce wax, build comb, tend to and feed the queen and the young bees and guard the hive."

WM. A. DUNCAN, M. D., *Rotarian*
Classification: Surgeon
Russellville, Kentucky

Monroe Doctrine and Union Now

George H. Cless, Jr., in his *No!* to the August debate-of-the-month question, *Is the 'Union Now' Plan Practical?*, considers Union Now to be a weird, fantastic creature, a grotesque impossibility, difficult for finite minds to grasp. For those who think thus, it would be well to consider the Monroe Doctrine, which in 1823 told European monarchs that aggression on the American Continents would be resisted. As a direct result, there has been no such aggression. Mexico and South American countries have not been seized by European nations; the United States has been free to expand across the North American Continent without any opposition; and Americans have been enabled to think of themselves as a great and powerful nation, in a position of isolation from the rest of a troubled world. But, and this is my point, the Monroe Doctrine originated in a suggestion from British Foreign Secretary George Canning that "The United States should join with Great Britain in saying that both countries were opposed to any intervention by Europe in the Western Hemisphere"; and ever since that day in 1823 "the Monroe Doctrine has rested upon the broad back of the British Navy. This has been no secret to our leading historians, our authoritative writers on diplomacy, and our educated and thinking public men. But they have not generally been eager to mention it." The quotations are from *A Straight Deal, or the Ancient Grudge*, by the American author Owen Wister, date about 1917.

The Monroe Doctrine has been in effect an informal union for one particular purpose between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations, the particular purpose

being the prevention of aggression in Mexico and Central and South America. Has it served a good purpose, or has it led to any of the dire results foreseen by Mr. Cless, and is this step toward Union not an indication that further steps should be taken in the same direction?

T. MACLENNAN

Auckland, New Zealand

Is It Gold—or What?

I have just read two letters [September issue] on the money-yardstick question. Rotarian J. H. Frost thinks gold is the ideal for money. But most people feel its value should not alter. Gold has, however, continually altered in value, with frequent disastrous consequences.

Rotarian Chas. L. Gilmore has gone back to *Alice in Wonderland*, but should have finished it again by now. May I suggest that he read *The Two Nations*, by Christopher Hollis (Routledge, London, 1935, but there may be an American edition). He will find that Alice's wonderland is no more wonderful than the facts about monetary history—mainly of England's—but there are chapters headed "The Whigs and America" and "America." One quotation (page 77) reads: "Now, suppose that I possess £1 of gold and give authority to A to demand that £1, but A, instead of doing so, writes a check for £1 to B, who deposits the check with me. It is clear enough that if at the end of this, I being in possession of £1 of gold and of A's check on me to B, yet pretend that, since I have £1 in gold and £1 in deposits, I therefore possess £2, I have created the £1 of those £2 myself." Yet in fact and in banking practice that second £1 created by the banker is used as money—i.e., as J. H. Frost would have it, "as a medium of exchange and measure of value," because B can buy things with it. Is B's £1 gold or what? But if Rotarian Gilmore can get the book, he will find it a fascinating historical study, not just statistics.

H. M. REGAN, *Rotarian*
Classification: Hardware Retailing

Tamworth, Australia

'Helpful . . . Hopeful'

I hope everyone read that fine article *What Is a Cripple?* in the May issue of THE ROTARIAN. It was very interesting and helpful as well as hopeful to many of us who are cripples. I am one too; have been paralyzed for eight years. I follow and get a great deal of pleasure from following the suggestions made in the article. I write poetry and enjoy from my chair the beauties of Nature and have a number of fur and feathered friends who come to the edge of the porch to see me when I get out. They seem to sense I am helpless and come close to me. My friends are two squirrels, about a dozen robins, and a flock of English sparrows. They cavort, and sometimes stage a cock fight for my amusement. Yesterday a fledgling fell from its nest and a starling—the new pest—immediately killed it while fluttering on the ground. It made my heart ache to watch the execution, but I could not move to prevent the slaughter.

Read *What Is a Cripple?* and you can understand the mental anguish of being helpless and lonely. I am an old man past threescore and ten, who when stricken had my estate dissipated and was left penniless in my old age.

FRANK L. SUBLETT, *Honorary Rotarian*
Harrisonburg, Virginia

Maverick Miracles

By Lewis T. Nordyke

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD freckled-faced Jimmie was alone and friendless as he faced the judge. No loving mother nor anxious father stepped up to plead for him. His had been a broken home, with the parents separated and giving no thought to their son. Jimmie had "gone wrong," and now as a repeater delinquent he was facing his first term in the reform school. He was impatient for the judge to tell him how long he'd have to stay in that forbidding building, high fenced and with bars on the windows.

But the judge—it was County Judge J. N. Riggs, of Amarillo, Tex.—didn't send Jimmie away. Instead—"You've been a bad boy again, Jimmie, after you promised me you'd be good. I think you've had a fair chance, too, but still I think you're not a bad boy at heart. So I'm not going to send you to the reform school. No, Jimmie, I'm letting you go—provided you join the Maverick Club and do as Mr. Dykeman tells you."

"The Maverick Club—gee, thanks, Judge!" and the little lad smiled even as a tear trickled down his cheek.

In the Texas cow country, stray, unbranded calves are called mavericks. They are usually forlorn creatures, stunted in growth from lack of proper care. In many ways they resemble Jimmie, and other youngsters like him, who have nothing better to do than prowl back alleys and get into trouble with the police.

Five years ago in Amarillo, "maverick" boys were numerous. Victims of broken homes, of poverty, of misunderstanding, few of them were really "bad," yet to combat the alarming juvenile delinquency, boys like Jimmie were sent to the reform school, and older ones were sent to prison.

In the face of this, it occurred to Cal Farley, a leading businessman and a member of the Amarillo Rotary Club, that there must be a better way to handle the problem. It was not being solved by the stern, expensive measures being taken. Boys Work, through a club, offered hope, he thought. Others acquainted with youth agreed that it was worth trying, and when Rotarian Farley tossed a shiny dime into the treasury as the first contribution, he had launched an idea which has now firmly established itself in the city.

The boys the Maverick Club wanted to help responded quickly. They were eager for the athletics, for the hobby workshops, for the reading and play opportunities that had been denied them. Their enthusiasm was contagious.

It was to this club that Judge Riggs "sentenced" Jimmie. He was nervous as he approached Ralph Dykeman, boy-loving full-time superintendent of the club, and asked to join. There must be a catch to it!

"Of course you can join," Dykeman told him. "Fill out this card and we'll make you a full-fledged member in a few days—if you like our club. We'll need you on one of our baseball teams. Now let Joe show you around the building so you can see what we do here."

Jimmie and Joe went first to the gymnasium. Members were playing handball.

"What does a fellow have to do to play?" asked Jimmie.

"Just get into a gym suit and play—that's all. Off here is the library," said Joe.

"Does a fellow have to study much?" asked Jimmie.

"Study? No study at all, but there are lots of good books here to read—*Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Treasure Island*—any time you want to," explained Joe.

"And here's the workshop," Joe continued.

JIMMIE'S smile vanished. "I knew that was coming. How long do you have to work every day?" he asked.

"How long do you have to work! Boy, you're lucky to get a bench any time. We all like to make things out of wood, or fix bikes. Some of the fellows have real jobs now because they learned to make things here."

Jimmie was incredulous. "We can do all these things—just because we want to—and not have any boss man or cops watching us all the time?"

"Why, of course," said Joe. "Sometimes a cop drops in to watch our games or our tumbling team. But policemen are great fellows, too."

After another hour with Joe—working the while with all his youthful energy pulling weeds on a vacant lot to make another baseball diamond—Jimmie had caught the spirit of the club. "Joe," he confided, "I'm going to like this."

He did like it, and became another of the 1,200 members (current membership 300) who have never been held for juvenile delinquency. Before the club started some 20 boys were sent to the reform school each year from Amarillo; now the annual average is only two. This has been accomplished simply by offering the chance of normal play life to underprivileged boys. Every lad is proud to be a

Maverick, and now all classes of homes are represented with no class distinction. They are between 7 and 16 years old.

After a variety of meeting places, the Mavericks now are at home in a two-story building, equipped with basketball and handball courts, boxing ring, acrobatic bars (the club is proud of its tumbling team), table-tennis facilities, showers, and lockers.

While in large part the building is made possible through the generosity of interested adults, the Mavericks themselves have earned a large share. Their annual show, "The Jamboree," netted them \$1,860 last year. They made another \$400 by selling programs at Amarillo's Tri-State Fair. Besides, during the Summer, the club operates a filling station. To advertise, the boys stage a weekly radio program, using their own talents in singing, acting, and music.

Skilfully supervised, the activities of the Mavericks put the members on their own resources. There are no preachments, few regulations. An unwritten code has developed, and unofficial leaders—like Joe—guide the progress of the club.

It is a Boys Work idea that works. Jimmie is an example of its good. He doesn't have time now for the things that landed him in trouble, almost put him behind bars. He's a Maverick—but not the unclaimed sort—and still very much of a boy. Watch him perform in the boxing ring if you don't believe it!

* * *

Not part of the Maverick Club, but sponsored by the same men and the Amarillo Rotary Club, is Boys Ranch at Old Tascosa. Here, on the site of a historic old cow town of the 1880s, beautiful with giant cottonwoods, salt cedars, and semidesert plants, is a ranch where homeless and underprivileged boys who cannot be cared for by the Maverick Club find a home.

An old stone courthouse built for the booming days of the '80s has been modernized—even with a swimming pool—to serve as ranch headquarters. The boys have horses to ride and care for. They raise much of their own food by keeping cows and growing farm crops. There are study and play facilities. During the school year the lads attend school in the town.

Opened just last Summer, this ranch promises to grow into a large community of boys, offering a fine environment for the lucky "unfortunates" who will be selected to live there.



"Quiet, please!" while the lads take time out to read or study in the Maverick Club library (above). . . . Mavericks—men in the making—help pay their way by operating a filling station (left) in Summer.



Photos: (below) Murry Watts; (right) Foster Peterson

What They're Saying

Pithy bits of opinion and observation gleaned from Rotary Club addresses, from Club and regional publications, and from other sources.

Valuable Co-Worker

If Rotary gives and takes, at home and at the Club, between colleagues and concurrents, weak and strong, subalterns and masters, if the spirit of Rotary promotes mutual understanding and disinterested serving, it will be in the future a valuable co-worker of all who serve mankind.

PROF. DR. A. LIEBER, *Honorary Rotarian*
Malang, Java, Netherlands Indies
(In an address to his Rotary Club)

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Makers of Confidence

Have you ever tried making friends with people who were not your friends just by treating them as though they were your friends? Try it sometime. You might be surprised at the result. If you have confidence in another fellow's willingness to deal squarely, it's pretty good evidence that you are going to practice square dealing yourself. Lack of just such confidence has kept thousands of good men in the background and they are standing in the rear today watching the other fellow go ahead.

GEO. D. TUBBS, *Rotarian*
Norton, Kansas

The Road Ahead Is Wide

Think what this movement will be and think what the goal of Rotary will be when, instead of the 40 or 50 Rotary Clubs we have in China and in British India, there are more than 2,000 Rotary Clubs in China and more than 2,000 Rotary Clubs in India; when Rotary has gone on apace in the United States and instead of the 3,000 Clubs we have now, we may have 4,000 or 5,000; instead of the 450 in Britain, we have

the 1,200 or 1,500 people of Britain have told me are possible; and when instead of those we have in France, and elsewhere, the numbers are greatly increased. When we have really builded the machinery for international understanding and goodwill, and we hope perhaps for some influence on world peace, we are about something greater than we realize.

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DUNCAN MC RUER, *Rotarian*
Kingman, Arizona

Danger in Youth Movements?

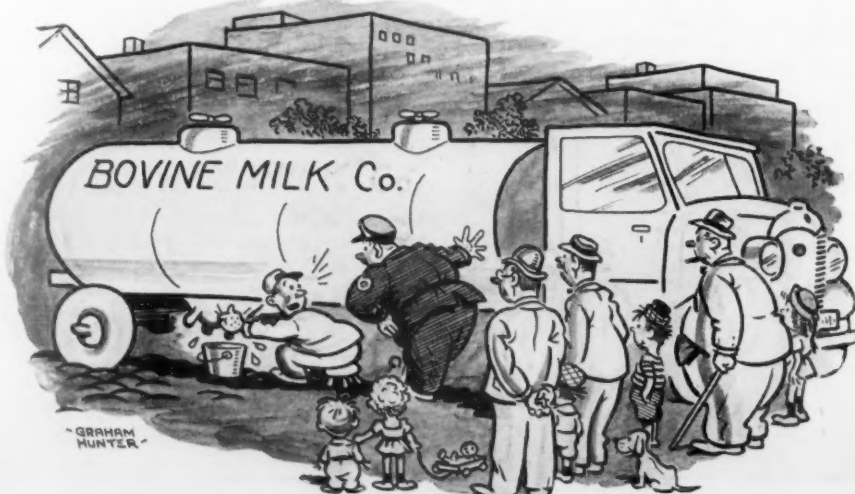
Frankly, I am just a little bit concerned about a nation-wide youth movement. We know that these older boys and girls may at times rally around an issue rather than an ideal. If some of them are old enough to vote, they are ready to be exploited by whatever group may be in power at the time.

MILLARD DAVIDSON, *Rotarian*
Marianna, Florida
(In an address at an International Assembly)

Worthy and Unworthy

Words of faith are never useless or inopportune. In moments of sadness, of suffering, of despair, or of agony, they are the only ones which can be spoken. He who loses faith, he

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from whose soul hope flees, is unworthy to live. The daily life, full of difficulties and full of injustices, is not worthy to be lived if the human heart does not nourish the hope of better days. Blessed is the man who knows how to hope. For the confusion and the misunderstanding which dominate the world there is only the remedy of patience and hope. Intransigency resolves nothing. On the contrary, it makes impossible honorable agreements, pacific solutions, or harmony between people.

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Do we coöperate with others, or do we try to "steal the show"? It is only when every member is active that the Club is at its best.

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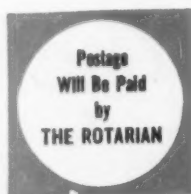
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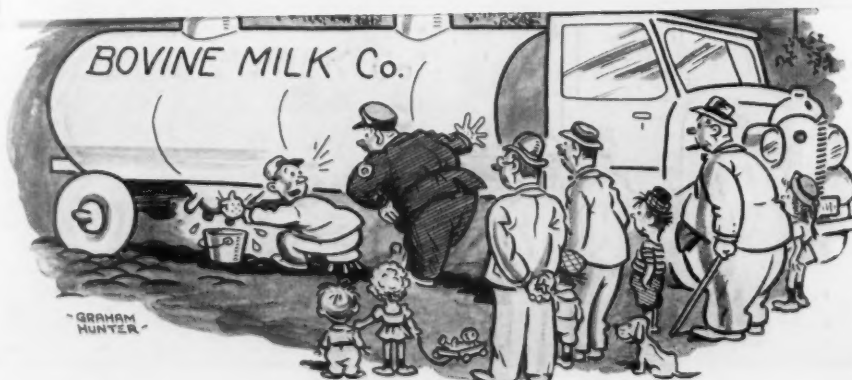


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GEORGE C. HAGER

Past President of Rotary International

Chicago, Illinois

(In an address at an International Assembly)

* * *

Way to Miss Life

A young fellow once found a two-dollar bill as he walked along the road. From that time on, he has never lifted his eyes from the ground as he walked. In 40 years he has accumulated 29,516 buttons, 54,172 pins, 7 cents in pennies, a stooped body, and a miserly disposition. He missed the sunlight, the smiles of friends, the verdure of trees, the blue of skies, and all there is in life worth living for—the opportunity to serve one's fellow-man and to spread happiness through the world. Moral: Look up, not down; look out, not in—and lend a hand.

Author Unknown

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WHERE'LL WE STAY IN ST. LOUIS?



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ligations as members, and should gracefully retire in favor of those in whom hope still lives.

Always on hand, ready to do more than our part, working enthusiastically and optimistically with our fellow members, let us learn to do the "little things" in Rotary. They are numerous; if we do them well, we grow and are happy, and perchance the results will be beyond our expectations.

HARRY H. ROGERS
Past President of Rotary International
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Civic Dividends

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LOVICK P. LAW, Former Rotarian
Siloam Springs, Arkansas

Build and Strengthen

Rotary demands that a Rotarian be ethically right with his fellow craftsmen; that he must be aggressive and progressive, but not with the desire to destroy by competition. The Rotarian's duty is to build up and to strengthen the whole industry. His industry must have wide-awake leadership, and in a large measure he is Rotary's representative to supply that leadership. All his relations to the community are through his personal and business contact with community life. He will get out of that contact all he invests in it. If one lives to himself and for himself, he will lose his life—the community will cast him adrift.

WADE SHELTMAN, Former Rotarian
Louisville, Kentucky

The Dead and the Living

Is it not strange how any reverence for our dead soon leads our minds to thoughts of the living? We always turn from the men who have gone, to remember the country they built. Long ago Pericles set an example of this alchemy of the mind in a memorial speech in Athens. He was to praise the men who had died for the

city. And he did praise them. He said they had not been enervated by pleasures. Faced with death, they were minded to resist rather than to fly and save their lives. The only thing from which they fled was dishonor, and on the battlefield their feet stood fast. These men were worthy of Athens; so he praised them. But his thought did not stop there. He turned to the city. "I would have you fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it."

DR. PAUL A. WOLFE
New York, New York

(In an address to the Rotary Club of Chicago, Illinois)

Moral Militancy

Charity is not a manifestation of love; it is a product of our twisted, distorted sense of justice. If we had the welfare of humanity truly at heart, we would not so passively condone conditions in which there is so much injustice. Sometimes an ounce of moral militancy is worth a ton of passive patience. The prayer of humanity is not for pity nor for charity, but for justice.

SHERWOOD P. SNYDER, Rotarian
Dayton, Ohio

Ousting Hate via Rotary Spirit

How about using the Rotary spirit as a means of driving out hate and fear? More specifically, suppose every Rotary Club should set in motion a real intensive campaign—that is, as a Club project, or, better still, seek to inspire each and every member in behalf of a hate-torn world, imploring him immediately to seek out the person of all persons on earth he most dislikes, possibly even to the point of hatred, and go right to him with an approach something like this: "Bill, I dislike you terribly, even as you no doubt dislike me, but right here and now, God helping us, let's thresh this thing out as to why and get to an understanding." Chances are in most instances dislike and hatred would go out the window as a result.

F. ALLEN DEGRAW, Rotarian
Clifton Springs, New York

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS
OF MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Rotarian, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 2, 1939.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harvey C. Kendall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Rotarian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Rotary International, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Editor: Leland D. Case, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor: Paul Teetor, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Business Manager: Harvey C. Kendall, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Rotary International, an Illinois Corporation, not organized for

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) Harvey C. Kendall.
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1939.

(Signed) R. C. Hilkert.
(My commission expires April 26, 1941.)

I Married Bill—and Rotary

By Eliza Merrill

ROTARY AND I met on my wedding day. A representative of "service before self" stood jittering before the candelabra one snowy night in Winter and before God and man made me his wife and "Rotary Ann" all in the same ceremony.

Being married to a 24-year-old Rotarian (who had worn the wheel only six months) was like trying to cuddle down with a fire horse. Our honeymoon was cut short (1) because we hadn't expected to "budget" so soon, and (2) because of a Rotary Committee meeting. We rushed home to the affairs of state and life began to "go round and round."

But it stopped going around one Monday morning when I had laboriously and sentimentally fixed a special luncheon dish—and then discovered that he wouldn't be home for lunch.

"But, honey," the bridegroom said over the telephone, "Monday is always Rotary day. Can't you save the stuff for tonight?"

"I've been married to you for only two Mondays," I reminded him, "and we weren't here the first one. I probably won't have luck with the stuff again."

As I recall those first few weeks of scorched gravy and uncooked potatoes, I'm positive that those weekly Rotary lunches saved Bill's life. One good meal a week can keep a man going, but he needs that one good meal.

My first job as a "Rotary Ann" came exactly three weeks after I had been made one. "Mrs. M?" a voice said over the phone (and I was still jumpy over the new title). "You probably know about the Rotary Christmas shopping tours." (Did I? My husband was Committee Chairman!) "Each 'Rotary Ann,'" the voice continued, "is taking a woman shopping—a woman who has been recommended by the county relief office. We'll mail you \$5 and her name and address. She can buy anything she wants. How about it?"

I not only took one woman—I took two. Such immediate recognition of my married state deserved a just reward. So I stopped writing thank-you notes for wedding presents and for one day pushed my way through four 10-cent stores. I took one woman in the morning, the other in the afternoon. We bought mittens, stockings, overalls, warm "undies," candy, and toys. We had a grand time.

"How many kids have you?" the

"morning" woman asked. She had five. "None," I replied.

"Not any?" she looked aghast. "Been married long?"

"Three weeks," I answered, trying to sound casual.

The money for these shopping tours was raised in the Rotary Club and through a special Rotary program broadcast over the local station. My husband was in charge of the program. It was his job to find good, free talent. He would rush home from the office, and instead of billing and cooing as young things are supposed to do, he would seize the telephone and begin contacting crooners, guitar players, and said-to-be comedians. The dinner, meanwhile, would take on a richer burn.

It wasn't long after that that we at-

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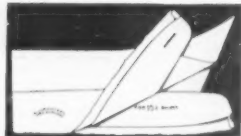
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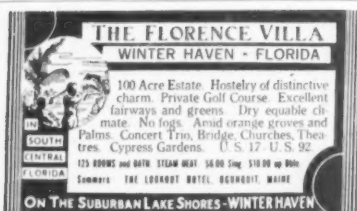
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tended a Rotary party. I was introduced as the "baby's wife." Bill, it seems, was the youngest and newest member and hence bore this affectionate name. It was a shock at first. I thought we had both aged considerably since becoming one. Yet we appeared to be only in the romper stage—mere infants in sun suits.

My second shock came when I heard my "baby" husband address the older members. Many of these gentlemen have blown out 50 or 60 candles and trot grandchildren on their knees. To me they have always been dignified, important, and a little austere. But to my husband they seemed to be just one of the "boys."

"Listen," I said, getting him off into a corner, "what do you mean by calling Mr. Van de Water by his first name? He could be your father—even grandfather. He's 55 if he's a day."

"That's Rotary," he said—a little too quickly, I thought. "I didn't at first and they asked me to. It's done, that's all. It's O.K." And I was glad it was. But I couldn't imagine, oh, never, stepping up to Mrs. Van de Water and saying, "Hi, Becky."

It was at this party that I began to realize seriously just what Rotary meant to Bill. His admiration and liking for these older men were quite apparent. They had tried the paths of business and professions and had been—and were—successful. Bill was just starting.

Jumping out of college and into business during the cheery years of 1931 and 1932 wasn't much fun. Bill was lucky to have a place to jump, but he landed on a pile of stones and the bruises were pretty bad. Like everything else, the bend business was suffering from malnutrition. It needed some stiff cod-liver oil.

Bill administered it—fresh as he was from college textbooks. But it was a big drain on his supply of enthusiasm, confidence, and morale.

His invitation to join Rotary came in 1934—when he was just 24. To celebrate he bought a much-needed linen suit and raced out in his old car to tell me. We further celebrated by having a picnic with steaks instead of wieners. For it was about this time that he was thinking of adding to his burdens by graduating from bachelorhood, and the mere invitation was a mental boom.

Bill had no sooner put on the Rotary wheel than he was sitting on Committees, planning programs, collecting money. It was just what he needed—and, perhaps, what Rotary needed. He brought to the Club enthusiasm, pep, and, because he was young, a contagious zest for living. He has received in return an outlet for his energy in serving the community, which is a builder-upper to his morale, and a valued contact with older men, which is his Big Inspiration. (I take a back seat.)

And of course all this affects the "Rotary Ann" and the Happy Home. Although we have many other interests—Junior League, bridge clubs, church, and symphony orchestra—our married life has seemed to click off around the Rotary wheel. Now I can get—or forget—a dinner at a moment's notice if a Rotary Committee meeting will or will not meet. I take messages over the phone as to change in programs; I paste clippings from THE ROTARIAN Magazine on his mirror—*Tips on Business Improvement, Helps for Club Programs*; I clap loudly at Rotary ladies' night parties.

And I am glad I met Rotary at the altar. I hope there will be no divorce.

"That one in the window with the black eye I'd like to know socially, Pop!"



A Speaker Speaks His Mind

By Carl Fearing Schultz

Rotary Club of Hyannis, Massachusetts

I HAVE JUST returned from addressing a service club. It didn't happen to be a Rotary Club, but I well imagine that many speakers go away from Rotary meetings with exactly the same feeling that I have right at this moment.

To put it mildly, I am hot under the collar, or, perhaps better, under what is left of my collar after talking to 40 men in a stuffy room on this unexpectedly warm and humid Fall night.

Four men thanked me for my efforts out of the 40 present: first, the president; second, the chairman of the program committee; third, a friendly Rotarian who was visiting; and, lastly, a fellow clergyman. The first two couldn't have done otherwise, as they sat on either side of me. My brother of the cloth was praised by me after he spoke at our Rotary Club three weeks ago, so he was more or less under obligation to do as much for me.

Maybe the speech wasn't worthy of praise! Be that as it may, it does not mean it required any less trouble to get ready for it or one drop less sweat to deliver it.

The engagement necessitated a good hour's work in brushing up an old address and several nervous moments in getting it into last-minute shape. The speech, with the speaker, had to be transported many miles to and from the meeting place. My car probably consumed about two gallons of gasoline out of the five I put into the tank before starting out. That meant an initial investment of 36 6/10 cents. I left home at 6 o'clock and got back at 9. That meant three hours of valuable time—hours I could have put to other use.

That's not all. In order to make a proper appearance, I shined my shoes and put on a clean shirt and collar. The excessive perspiration means that my good wife will have to launder my linen before I can go to church next Sunday.

I may be wrong, but I think that more than four men should have thanked me. As far as I could observe, the crowd seemed to like the speech. They laughed at the jokes. Maybe one or two who missed the point didn't, but perhaps they are laughing right now while I am doing anything but.

Yes, it's true I got my dinner for nothing. However, that's not always a

blessing. My digestive system is growling now over the haste in which I ate my food. The way I am stirred up over the affair right now isn't doing my stomach too much good, either. Did it ever fail at a service-club dinner? I had cold lamb—and all the time I was eating it I was thinking of the leftover lamb from Sunday which I am destined to have tomorrow night.

I feel certain that the failure of appreciation wasn't because of the speech or the speaker. The men just didn't give a thought to it. In cataloguing the group, I would judge that some were too hot, others were too hurried, a number were too busy, and the rest were too lazy. But that knowledge doesn't make me feel any better.

My point is, if they couldn't have thanked me for speaking, they could have for sweating. Even if my talk wasn't worthy of praise, they could have at least thanked me for the 36 6/10 cents' worth of gas. There's no service-club speaker but who deserves credit for his time and for trying, if not for his talk.

YOU may be thinking I am unduly disturbed. There may be men who will express a good word later. A month ago I addressed a service club and three weeks afterward a member told me of the good job that I had done. I'd sooner have had his thanks the night of the performance to have kept me company on the way home.

I'd simply forget the whole matter if I did not think the same thing happens altogether too often at service-club meetings. "Service above self" is our Rotary motto. Every member can put it into effect by saying a "kind word" to the men who make the weekly programs possible. There evidently is need of Rotary education along the line of appreciation.

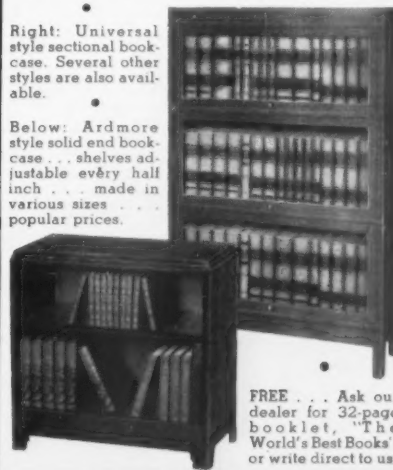
Right now I hesitate to think what I'd say if a service club asked me to make an address. Probably by tomorrow I'll be ready to say "Yes" again. But I want to pass my experience along to Rotary Clubs so that they may govern themselves accordingly. Here is my suggestion: *Always give your speaker a few kind words even though you cannot pay him in dollars. And, may I add, whenever possible, reward him with both.*

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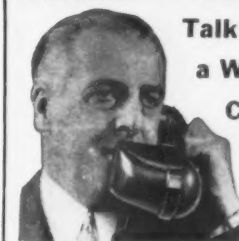
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Whither Vocational Service?

Concentrate on Competitor Relationship—E. F. McFaddin

[Continued from page 13]

or Club in the affected region, or elsewhere, from initiating or continuing any program along any of the other lines of Vocational Service. Two of the reasons why the competitor relationship was selected were:

1. It was recognized that Vocational Service had been neglected for many years, and it appeared easier to get Rotarians interested in the competitor relationship for two years before attacking the other and more difficult fields of service. This was on the old adage that "a baby must crawl before it can walk."

2. Right at that time (January, 1939) there was so much being said, pro and con, about changing the National Labor Relations Act in the United States that it was thought best to select the competitor relationship rather than the employer-employee relationship. Thus there was avoided even the appearance of entangling Rotary International and its component Clubs in political controversies.

Now, it will be observed that the competitor relationship was to be emphasized for only two years, and that the time expires in July, 1940. If Rotarians around the world want to emphasize the

employer-employee relationship, there is no need to revise the Second Object to accomplish such emphasis; it can be done by Board action or by individual Club action. But I think we have already accomplished considerable in revivifying Vocational Service, so that in July, 1940, we should not further emphasize any one field of Vocational Service, but, rather, should study and apply equally all four of the group relationships.

But, remember, the Rotary way of doing this is for each Rotarian to apply the Vocational Service principles in his daily life. As the late John Nelson—that fine and great Rotarian justly honored with the Presidency of Rotary International—said:

"Rotary has always remained an individual thing. . . . Rotary is not a place into which we bring the affairs of the world for solution, but Rotary is a place in which we prepare men to accept life's duties, and stimulate them to do so."

Let each Rotarian resolve to inform himself on Vocational Service and apply all its phases in his life in every way. That is the Rotary way. Certainly there is no need to change the Second Object of Rotary.

Rotary's Call

*Whom well we know, yet not by eye,
To you afar in distant land,
To you who hear our voices nigh,
To all we stretch a brother's hand.*

*This heartfelt message to you bring
News of a world-circling spirit,
Deep and fresh and all-inspiring
Whose strength of will is infinite.*

*In north and in south torches flame,
And hymns of joyful praise ascend,
Ringing out in Goodwill's fair name:
"Friends seek and find friends without end."*

*Friends of peace both true and humble,
From human love will ne'er depart,*

*Bowing but to noble wisdom
They make of their work a fine art.*

*To serve, advise, and help they aim,
The world needs their best efforts now,
From every man a stint may claim,
To free the globe from grief, their vow!*

*The world great armies must employ
Of noble deeds and thoughts sincere,
Lest Hatred's weeds sprout to destroy
The human flowers to all so dear.*

*Whose wish for peace surpasses all,
Who would save friendship there and here,
To them we send our hopeful call,
The brotherly, uniting cheer.*

—EUGEN LENDVAI, Rotarian
Timisoara, Roumania

The Faithful Chaps

*When a project is new and popular
Its helpers are not a few,
But it's after the newness dulls a bit
That we learn which friends are true.*

*There are plenty of folks who like to march
While drums and flags are the style,
But the fellows who really count are they
Who "stay by the stuff," and smile;*

*For it isn't the first heat of the race
Determines the winner's name—
But he who sticks to the end of the course
Deserves the applause of fame;*

*And it isn't the folks who only help
When the enterprise is new
That we count upon, but the faithful chaps
Who will stay and see it through.*

—JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1939-40* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

* * *

THIRD WEEK (DECEMBER)—Propaganda and Goodwill (*International Service*).

From THE ROTARIAN—

If You Would Detect Propaganda—Clyde R. Miller. This issue, page 14.
Propaganda for Goose and Gander. Clyde R. Miller, Sept., 1938.
Wars with Words. Editorial. Sept., 1938.

Other Magazines—

Ten Commandments Offered for Propaganda Protection. *Science News Letter*. Oct. 14, 1939.
Antidote for Propaganda. E. V. Hollis. *School and Society*. Oct. 7, 1939.
The Problem of Propaganda. James Duane Squires. *Vital Speeches*. July 15, 1939.
Stopping Propaganda. Dorothy Thompson. *Vital Speeches*. June 1, 1939.
War Propaganda Exposed. *Look*. Jan. 13, 1938.

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From THE ROTARIAN—

The Incas Left Their Mark. This issue, page 27.
Portuguese Lesson No. 4—The Hotel. Henley C. Hill. This issue, page 40.
Re: Reunion in Rio. Editorial. Nov., 1939.
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Other Suggestions for Club Programs

RE: ROTARY'S SECOND OBJECT

From THE ROTARIAN—

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TOYS, BOYS, AND SANTA

From THE ROTARIAN—

You Can Take It with You. Joanne Dimmick. This issue, page 21.
The Gifts of the Magi. T. H. Alexander. This issue, page 25.
'Subbing' for Mr. S. Claus. This issue, page 50.
Hobbyhorse Hitchingpost. This issue, page 52.
Streamlining Santa in Atlanta. Mildred Chester. This issue, page 53.
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GLIDING THROUGH AIRWAYS

From THE ROTARIAN—

Soaring on a Shoestring. Karl Detzer. This issue, page 16.
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From left to right: Contributors Vermes, McFaddin, Beach, Miller, Rodriguez

Chats on Contributors

FAMED for his books and views on the upward struggle of mankind is **Hendrik Willem van Loon**, who has stimulated long-range thinking with such volumes as *The Arts*, *The Story of Mankind*, and *The Story of the Bible*. From Rotterdam, The Netherlands, he came to the United States about the turn of the century, served as an Associated Press correspondent from 1914 to 1918, later became a professor of history. Lecture tours have taken him to South America, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, have broadened as well as deepened his understanding of world culture. He has written frequently for *THE ROTARIAN*; this month he contributes *No Mistake, No Discovery*. . . . **Clyde R. Miller**, director of The Institute for Propaganda Analysis and for 11 years a faculty member of Teachers College at Columbia, entered the field of education after years of newspaper and advertising work in Ohio. Now an authority on propaganda and its methods, he writes on the theme *If You Would Detect Propaganda*. . . . Demolishing inferiority complexes is the specialty of **Ernest Wynne Boyden**, *The 'Get the Name' Game*, who, following his graduation from college, entered business, later launched out in the field of consulting psychology.

Whither Vocational Service?, the debate-of-the-month, brings to the forensic forefront two Rotarians with differing views on Rotary's Second Object. **Reuel W. Beach**, who believes *Industrial Relations Are Our Opportunity!*, is Governor of Rotary's District 196 and a member of the Cambridge, Mass., Rotary Club. Following his graduation from Harvard he became associated with the University Press, resigned as vice-president and director in 1931 to become president of The Cosmos Press in Cambridge. **Edward F. McFaddin**, *Let's Concentrate Now on Competitor Relationship*, is a Past Director of Rotary International and a Past District Governor, was the Vocational Service member of the Aims and Objects Committee in 1938-39, and has been a member of the Hope, Ark., Rotary Club since 1920 with the classification of attorney at law, civil practice. . . . **Adrian Rodriguez**, who relates *A Sentimental Anecdote*, is a Past District Governor of Rotary International. A member and Past President of the Rotary Club of Pachuca, Mexico, he is a

specialist in industrial and labor law. . . . After a quarter century of newspaper work, **T. H. Alexander**, *The Gifts of the Magi*, retired last year to a bluegrass farm in Tennessee, where he still continues a weekly newspaper column and free-lance writing.

Now associated with the adult-education program of the United States Office of Education, **John C. Duvall** was for 14 years engaged in the teaching of sociology and economics at Syracuse University and the University of Rochester. Widely known as a lecturer on crime, he writes here *But—Crime Does Pay!*. . . . **Karl Detzer**, *Soaring on a Shoestring*, has penned movie script, articles for magazines, and a number of books. He is a previous contributor to *THE ROTARIAN*. . . . **Joanne Dimmick**, *You Can Take It with You*, wrote her first magazine story for *Hoard's Dairyman* when she was 7, has been writing ever since. She is a graduate of Mundelein College, in Chicago. . . . **Hal G. Vermes**, *Let's Have an Argument*, is a former sales consultant, is now a writer whose work has appeared in more than 50 magazines. . . . **Wouter Van Garrett**, *When Words Change Worlds*, is pastor of a church in Norwood, Pa. . . . **Clark R. Gilbert**, *His Biggest Fee*, is a Bartlesville, Okla., schoolteacher whose hobby is writing. . . . **Jule Adams**, who outlines *A Welfare Worker's Day*, is executive secretary of the Shawnee, Okla., chapter of the Red Cross. . . . **Mildred Chester**, who describes *Streamlining Santa in Atlanta*, is the assistant executive of the Atlanta, Ga., Family Welfare Society.

Lewis T. Nordyke, *Maverick Miracles*, is a Texas newspaperman whose work on Southern themes has appeared in leading American publications. . . . Once again in *May I Suggest—*, **William Lyon Phelps**, honorary Rotarian of New Haven, Conn., and professor emeritus of English literature at Yale University, surveys the new books. . . . **Eliza Merrill**, *I Married Bill—and Rotary*, is the pen name of an American journalist and magazine contributor. . . . **Carl Fearing Schultz**, *A Speaker Speaks His Mind*, is a minister in Hyannis, Mass., where he is a member of the Rotary Club. . . . **Henley C. Hill**, *Portuguese Lesson No. 4—The Hotel*, is in business in São Paulo, Brazil.

From left to right: Contributors Adams, Duvall, Boyden, Dimmick, Alexander



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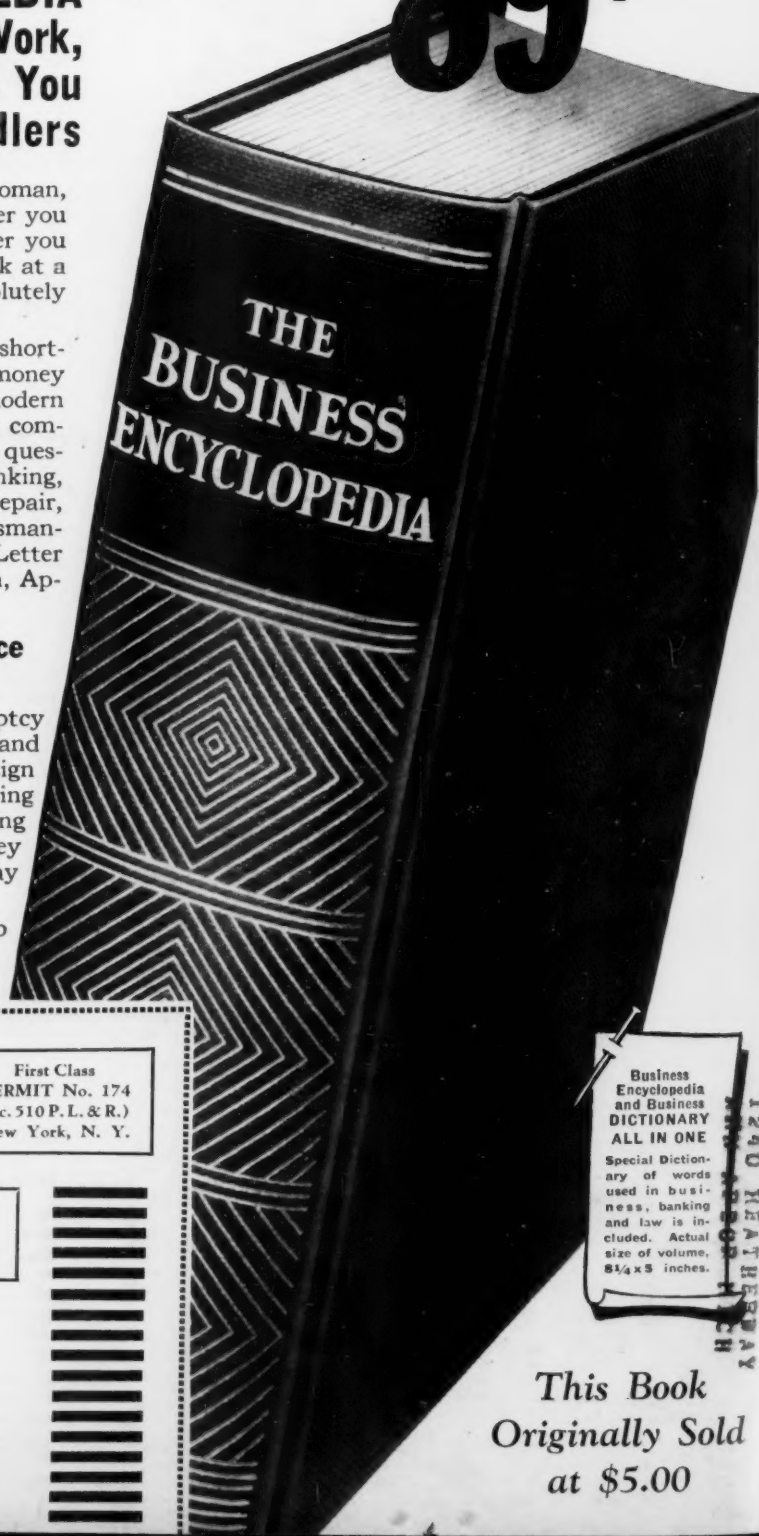


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